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REVIEWS.

WE ARE FIFTEEN.

SPRING, summer, autumn, winter—all seasons are alike to the poet. Unlike the makers of gift-books and stories for children, he conceives that all times are fit for the publication of his wares; and hence our shelves betray his activity as much in August as in November or April. Room for fifteen!

Terra Tenebrarum, Love's Jest-Book, and Other Verses. By William Knox Johnson. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THERE are many sonnets in this volume which we should like to quote, but space forbids. For Mr. Johnson is a reflective poet who thinks to some purpose, and who can give his thoughts dignified form. Swift lyrical flight is not his, but he essays the deliberate movement of the sonnet with much success. Among recent sonnets we know of none finer than some of Mr. Johnson's. Here is one which, while it illustrates his method, throws light also on one of the poetical influences which have helped to make him :

"LUNA."

O fevered race of mortals, learn of me.
I too have wandered with fierce heart of fire
Aimless through heights and deeps, who did aspire
To paths far other than the paths ye see;
Yet I too bowed unto a wise decree
Which stilled my rebel being, did require
That I should yield up all of my desire,
Finding high freedom in a sphere unfree.
I swerve not, neither stay, for I fulfil
The law of my own being, clear and known;
No strife ignoble of divided will
Frets me, withdrawn unto one goal alone;
Deep through the dusk abysses, sheer and still,
I drink the light from light's eternal throne."

There are hints of Matthew Arnold there. Mr. Johnson, however, though Wordsworth and Arnold were before him, is himself. Here is a memorable little poem, a modern contribution to the Greek Anthology :

"A TRAVELLER'S GRAVE."

Sleep, faring well! for thou didst go
Through icy lands, o'er stormy seas.
And where Illyrian breezes blow,
And 'neath the rainy Hyades.

Thou askedst not repose; but now
By wandering tides dost gladly rest;
A stone is at thy quiet brow,
A stone upon thy breast."

Opposite it is the following epitaph, which we are fain to quote :

"Thou hast regained that calm august and free
The Communal Mother keeps, who bids us roam
And play awhile at Personality,
And, wearied of the play, recalls us home."

We would willingly tarry longer with Mr. Johnson.

Songs of Sea and Sail. By Thomas Fleming Day. (New York: The Rudder Publishing Co.)

ONE of Mr. Day's poems begins thus :

"Sing the sea, sing the ships,
Sing the sea and its ships,
With the lightness and the brightness
Of the foam about their lips;
When reaching off to seaward,
When running down to leeward,
When beating up to port with the pilot at
the fore;
When racing down the Trade,
Or ratching half-afraid,
With a lookout on the yard for the marks
along the shore."

It is not great poetry; but we like it. Indeed, if a man is honest, and can set things down with any music, there is no need, in singing of the sea, to be poetical: the sea will do that for him. Fact about the sea is more poetical than the finest fancy about certain other subjects dear to poets. This is good :

"THE CLIPPER."

Her sails are strong and yellow as the sand,
Her spars are tall and supple as the pine,
And, like the bounty of a generous mine,
Sun-touched, her brasses flash on every hand.
Her sheer takes beauty from a golden band,
Which, sweeping aft, is taught to twist and twine
Into a scroll, and badge of quaint design
Hung on her quarters. Insolent and grand
She drives. Her stern rings loudly as it throws
The hissing sapphire into foamy waves,
While on her weather bends the copper glows
In burnished splendour. Rolling down she laves
Her high black sides until the scupper flows,
Then pushing out her shapely bow she braves
The next tall sea, and, leaping, onward goes."

Mr. Day's book is a brave little companion.

Berth-Deck Ballads. By William S. Bate. (New York.)

ANOTHER volume of sea songs, also from across the Atlantic. Mr. Bate is, however, not, like Mr. Day, a lyrical poet, but a narrative. He offers yarns: "How the *Kearsage* Sunk the *Alabama*," "How Buchanan Fought the Fleet," "The First Iron-clad Fight," "How Farragut Passed Port Morgan," and so on. These are fine tales, but a little too long: Mr. Bate should try for more concentration. The medium is always an ordinary sailor of the U.S. Navy,

whose speech is racy and free. Here is an opinion of his in rough and ready rhyme :

"Say, lads, I hear they are to go—
The lubberly marines—
And if it's true, for me and you
A rousin' time it means.
A rousin' time it means, my lads,
For life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines."

Between perlicemen when in port,
And the sea-cops at sea,
A man-o'-warsman's life is not
Jist what it ought to be;
But if the lubbers are to go,
A jolly time it means;
Fur life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines."

They are uv free-born mariners
The nat'rul enemies,
And never should hev been allowed
To sail with them the seas;
But if they've really got to go,
Our rights to hev it means,
Fur life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines."

This is a view of the "Jolly" to which Mr. Kipling paid no attention in his famous song.

Mallow and Asphodel. By R. C. Trevelyan. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. TREVELYAN has gone to Greek mythology for his principal subjects, and has brought to them a plentiful good humour and considerable metrical skill. A more difficult measure in which to tell a story could hardly be chosen than that in which "Epimetheus" is set, yet the result is successful. Thus :

"Thus he wailed and looked around him, while
the Olympian corridors
Echoed with immortal laughter, as on sea-
indented shores
When with washing, lapping laughter softly
Laughs a prisoned wave
To the answering roof above it of some deep-
receding cave."

It is very easy, with lines so long as these, to annoy a reader, but Mr. Trevelyan does not do so. Sometimes he is a little careless about rhymes: "neck" and "back," for example, and "hoard" and "abroad"; but the book has a pleasant, classical flavour. This is a good passage :

"In the dim Cimmerian highlands, where
man's feet may never come,
Where the boisterous congregations of the
winds are never dumb;
By sheer mountain cliffs in frozen isolation
girdled round,
Lies the wizard Epimetheus fast in silver
fetters bound."

On his ancient head is springing many a tall
snow-loaded pine,
Nodding all their tops together when they
hear the tempest whine;
O'er his eyes the oak trees darken, down his
cheeks the larches grow;
Round his chin the birches shiver o'er the
willow wood below.
O'er his face great bears go ambling, deer
go rambling here and there,
All around are cuckoos calling, cataracts
brawling in the air."

Willow Leaves. By Russell Veitch. (Unicorn Press.)

In a sub-title Mr. Veitch calls his poems "A Wreath of Memories." The memories are of Love, for Mr. Veitch has loved much. The lady is called here Margherita and there Marjorie. Her radiance, we learn, outshines the day, and her moods are varied as the hues that sparkle in the sunlit dews. Her eyes are lakes of violet; delicious is her sunny smile. We gather, however, that the poet and she did not wed, such is the cruelty of fate. Meanwhile here is Mr. Veitch's appeal to the reader:

"Pray haste not to condemn my lines,
Although you judge them wanting wit,
Or vacant of poetic signs,
Or fire by great Apollo lit;
But, if amid my halting lays
You find one kind or gentle thought,
Or one true word in my love's praise,
Then 'pity him whose life is naught.'"

We have found the kind and gentle thought more than once; we have even found poetic signs, though no very clear indication that Apollo has been busy with a box of matches; but we decline to pity Mr. Veitch to any great extent for the nothingness of his life. We think he will recover.

Willow-Vale, and Other Poems. By Henry Rose. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

FROM *Willow Leaves* to *Willow-Vale* is an easy transition. Mr. Rose is not a plaining lover, but a man who goes forth into the country with open eyes and returns to sing of his adventures. The first part of his book consists of Rustic Rhymes. Here is a portion of one, entitled "The Happy Peasant":

"The King in a spacious hall may dine,
With a crowd of vassals to wait;
From a golden goblet quaff the wine
And eat from a silver plate;
But I with my neighbours make good cheer,
Nor would change for his fare, if I could,
Our food of the plainest and home-brewed
beer
From the horn and the platter of wood.

The King may muster his troops to the field,
To fight to the death in his cause;
And be flushed with pride when the foemen yield,
And exult in a realm's applause:
But I can pace the furrows alone
And labour in sweet content,
Or rest at noon, where shadows are thrown,
Refreshed by the bean field's scent.

The King at last must be gathered to rest,
Then over his treasured bones
Will proofs of a nation's lament be pressed
In ponderous sculptured stones:
But I am the happier far to know,
For me when the tears are shed,
How lightly the daisied turf will grow,
And the birds sing, over my head."

The antitheses are not always very convincing; and we doubt if "The Happy Peasant" is a type; but the verses display Mr. Rose. Elsewhere he offers tragic stories in rhyme, and in the long poem called "*Willow Vale*" essays incidentally the transcendental. A kindly book.

Episodes of Joy. By Temple Newell. (Digby, Long & Co.)

EXCESSIVE fluency we suspect to be Mr. Newell's joy, and it is, we know, his bane. He will rhyme glibly on any subject that takes his fancy, with little violence to metre and no distinction of phrase. So little does he criticise himself that he can pass for press such a stanza as this:

"If I could only think somewhere there is
Someone whom I could love like you;
The self of your dear self in all but this—
Some love of me abide there too;
If I could only think somewhere there is."

That line "If I could only think somewhere there is": what is it? Prose would refuse to harbour it, and how can we call it poetry? If this book were a quarter the size, and every word had been studied, it would not be bad.

Nocturnes. By the Rev. W. Moore. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. MOORE'S first poem is tremendous in scope. "An Excursion," it is called, and it comprises a review of the world's progress from 898 to 1898. The Excursion includes the Ridgeway, and thus does the poet describe a well-known landmark of that locality:

"And lo! a horse, in outline pale
Against the western slope,
Spreads a vast flank and world of tail,
And upward to the cope
Runs an outlandish neck or mane
And head of artless round;
And prancing seems to paw the inane
Above a gulf profound."

Mr. Moore is in the habit of improving the occasion, and his book is not lacking in sententiousness. We cannot altogether acquit it of dulness.

Imaginations in Verse. By G. J. Bridges. (Commercial Exchange.)

MR. BRIDGES' "imaginings" have to do with a river, a windmill, a tempest, bare fields, dusk, and twilight; and they are after this standard:

"The Tempest Voices shriek within the gale!
Some hapless scunniant
Is caught amain, and gone where there
is no port,
While 'mid the raving sea-noise rings the
chault,
Half siren-song, half dirge, the Voices wail.

What is the sound upon the wind to-night?
It chills my heart with fears,
And with its presence burdens every
thought;
Its utter sadness brings the world to tears—
Why do the Voices call so loud to-night?

This is the sound upon the wind to-night,
And thus it speaks to me—
'Tis but the echo of Time's triple sort—
Of what has been and is and is to be,
The Tempest Voices cry unto the night!"

Mr. Bridges' note is uniformly sad and, we may say, sincere.

The Conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders, A Song of Israel, and Other Poems. Anon. (Kegan Paul.)

A GREAT deal of the verse in this little volume is religious in tone, and the Biblical stories of Balaam, Deborah, the Death of Saul, &c., are versified with a certain carefulness. But the Bible prose is better. The best passages we have found is this description of an "old conventional tower" in "The Conquest of Constantinople":

"The gloomy owl in safety builds
Its nest in that dark hoary wall,
Where ivy clings in hanging wreaths,
As if to form its funeral pall.
Secure among these ancient stones,
The hunted wolf comes here to die;
The vulture hovers on the hill,
To wait his victim's last weak cry,
Till startled, as in half-alarm,
At those dim ruins grey,
He swoops upon the plains below,
To seek an easier prey.
No voice is heard around,
Saving the eagle's scream;
The wild goat, scared, has fled away,
But sounds—like daylight's gleam—
Are heard within, of praise and prayer—
The songs of those who shelter there."

The poems indicate much reading on the part of the author.

A Little English Portfolio. By Ada Iddings-Gale. (Truslove & Hanson.)

WE can welcome any new poet of London. Miss Iddings-Gale's verse is not remarkable in any way, and it shows the exaggerated sentiment of a beginner, but it is sincere. Two or three sonnets are devoted to St. Paul's—which to our surprise uplifts

"faint and dim
The wondrous music of its marble hymn."

There is not much marble in Wren's temple. The exaggerated note we have referred to is heard in the sonnet "In Fleet Street":

"How madly sweeps the stream of life along,
With murmurous clamours full of wild unrest,
It is the sea's voice with a larger zest,
More manifold, omnipotent and strong.
Thunders on thunders roll upon the ear—
The murmur of the traffic takes the key
To a great chant of human misery—
The common voice fast bounded by a fear.
But hearken now—what heavenly sound doth
rise,
And fill each cranny of the troublous mart
Like to the throbbing of God's mighty heart
Above the City's myriad agonies?
So tender deep the sound resplendent falls—
It is the bell of glorious St. Paul's."

This is overdone, and Miss Iddings-Gale promptly sets about removing the impression by a soothing sonnet on the interior of St. Paul's.

The Shrine of Love, and Other Poems. By Lucien V. Rule. (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

A SONNET sequence, filling 82 pages, forms the principal contents of Mr. Rule's volume. The poet has two loves and an undecided mind, and the result is sonnets by the bushel. But although the lover is often at a loss, he has a good conceit of himself. When

the "former object of his affection . . . sighs for his presence, and desires his favour again," this is how she is met :

" What good were it should I, despite thy guilt,
In scorning me, conduct thee once again
To love's high halls which bear no faithless
stain ?
'Twas by thy treacherous hand Hope's wine
was spilt,
And blasted everything my heart had built !
Alas ! my soul is too sincere to feign
Devotion where it once was shown disdain.
Yet were these wrongs forgiven though I
saw wilt
Affections fairest flowers before thy scorn.
Alas ! how often have I lain till morn
In lamentation o'er my love for thee ;
How often have I wondered till I'd see
The twilight star, endeavouring to forget
How my soul's worship was with mockery
met ! "

This is the experience of lords and milkmen when they love ; and a bad sonnet does not improve matters.

The Siren. By Henry Carrington. (Elliot Stock.)

The Siren is a fairy tale, which the author has written for his children.

" For all who heard her mystic song
Were captive to its fatal sway,
More sweet it fell than melody
E'er uttered by a mortal tongue ;
No reason could its charm defy.
More sweet than note of evening's bird
In silent woods beneath the stars,
When all save we are sleeping, heard ;
When nought the calm prevailing mars,
When not a sound of earth is nigh,
Save mosses rustling 'neath the feet
To make the stillness more complete ;
More sweet than ripple of the stream,
Or murmur of the summer wind ;
Than love's first whisper, soft and kind,
That ne'er shall cease to haunt the mind :
Than all the soul can think or dream,
Far sweeter was the Siren's song
As swept its fatal sounds along."

Why publish 148 pages of rhymes like these ?

Poems, 1894-98. By Mrs. Longstaff. (Edward Stanford.)

SOME twenty-four pages, paper bound, of devotional and other verse. We can say little for or against such obvious rhyming as this—"To a Statue from Herculaneum":

" If you could speak, as you stand there
What would you tell, of days that were,
When your fair form and perfect face
Had on this earth a dwelling-place ?
Did your firm lips and steadfast eyes
Ever repay a lover's sighs ?
Did your round arms a babe enfold
Clasped to your breast as mothers hold ?
Did life still smile, as on you passed
All sorrowless—from first to last ?
Or—when that awful ending came,
That blotted out your city's name,
Were you alive ? Oh woman fair !
And did you see the horror there ?

The lines which Horace Smith addressed to an Egyptian mummy have belittled many such poems as this.

Poetical Stories. By Staunton Brodie. (Digby, Long & Co.)

MR. BRODIE's stories are of love and war, and he tells them in sentimental jingles to which we can grant no other merit than simplicity and story-telling zeal. "The Seventy-Four" describes the Battle of Aboukir Bay. The burning of the French ship *Orient* is thus described :

" Few nights have known a more terrific scene.
Now the huge *L'Orient* burns with lurid
glare,
Burns to her magazine ;
The flash of the guns is lesser light,
The foes are grappling there.
One of our ships, a wreck,
Less of use than armed xebec,
Is drifting out of the fight
As the rearmost ships are sailing in ;
Then the great Frenchman's blown to atoms
with deafening din ;
That bulwark of the Crapaud's commonweal
Is shattered to her keel.
A silence reigns awhile ; then, once more,
gun answers gun,
Till with the morn's fresh light the victory is
won."

The description of the *Orient* man-of-war as "that bulwark of the Crapaud's commonweal" deserves to be perpetuated. There is another tribute which we cannot neglect to pay to Mr. Brodie's poetical genius. He gives his characters names that are sumptuous and mellifluous on the tongue. One "poetical story" tells how Basil Craighton loved Euphey Ames, and is nearly cut out by her kinsman, Killian Ardisley. And in "Necromancy" we alight on names like Piers Pappencourt, Forde Bannister, and Kitty Faltris. Launce Ringstone, Mildred Alane, and Sir Amory Claire!—the book is a mine of names for novelette writers.

PASTORAL BURMAH.

The Soul of a People. By H. Fielding. (Richard Bentley.)

THIS is an exceedingly interesting book, by one who has spent his official existence among the Burmese, and has learned to love and understand them as one loves and understands a charming family with whom one has been long domesticated. Mr. Fielding regards the Burmese religion as the basis of the Burmese character ; and he opens his book with a chapter on Buddhism. It is not, however, a mere recapitulation of the scientific studies of Buddhism which the reader can find for himself in many works. It is an attempt to put together a synopsis of Buddhism as the writer has actually observed it among the Burmese ; to give an account of Buddhism as a working creed. He declares that he has omitted all merely official teachings, and has confined himself to those features which he found actually embodied in the lives and vital belief of the people. Mr. Fielding's position is peculiar, and renders his account of peculiar value. His sympathy for the people seems to have led him into sympathy for their creed. So far as one can judge, he would appear to have adopted a certain practical Buddhism

as the most satisfactory theory of existence. He has spent much time in Buddhist monasteries, and writes with affectionate enthusiasm of the monks. Every village has its monastery, he says, and the monks are the centre of the community. Their hold on the Burmese is enormous. Their ramifications extend throughout the country, under a simple system of organisation which recalls that of the Franciscan brotherhood. The analogy of General, Provincial, and Guardians (or heads of monasteries) can be traced in the Buddhist organisation of Burma. Yet unlike the religious bodies of India, they exercise no political influence. During the war of independence against the English invasion, instead of heading the national resistance, like the Mullahs of the Afghan border, they remained quietly at home in their monasteries. To this cause, together with the absence of a true political organisation, Mr. Fielding ascribes the sporadic and ineffectual character of the native rising. And the reason for it is (so he asserts) that Buddhism condemns war under any and every conceivable circumstance. When the English were massacred in local outbreaks, and their bodies floated down the rivers, the monks took and buried the corpses. The village monastery is also the village school, where the young Burmese receive their whole education and training. At least such is the case with regard to the boys. The girls are trained at home ; and hence Burmese women are much inferior in training to Burmese men. There are, it is true, nuns in Burmah ; but they are few and far between. Women do not take to the religious life, whereas a large proportion of the men in every village have at one time or other been monks. For the Buddhist monks take no vows for life ; they enter when they please, and go when they please. One can understand the paramount influence of the monastery in a community most of whose members have not only been educated there, but have at one time been inmates of it. Imagine a Sussex village, where half the peasantry had at one time been brethren in some neighbouring monastic establishment such as Parkminster. The monastery would simply be the nucleus of the village.

Very pleasant and simple is Mr. Fielding's account of the present-giving which takes place at certain feasts. Every man and woman in the village has some gift in kind ready for the monks—bowls of rice, or other such edible luxuries as the village yields. For the monks may take presents of food, or raiment, or books, but are forbidden by their rules to accept money. The whole village is gathered along the road in two long lines, each person sitting behind his gift. The monks of the adjacent monasteries pass in procession between the people, their eyes downcast, for it is not etiquette to look at the presents. Behind them come their boy pupils, who are less scrupulous. Mr. Fielding's gift was some tins of biscuits and jars of jam. The boys could be heard wondering audibly "what was in those tins," and hoping that "they were coming to our monastery." The procession past, the monks separated to their respective monasteries, and the villagers caught up their gifts and hurried after. It is a pretty

pastoral picture, charmingly drawn by Mr. Fielding. Very picturesque, too, are his accounts of Burmese religious festivals at Rangoon, where is the most splendid of Buddhist temples; the building itself, covered with gold leaf, blazing resplendent in the brilliant sun, the throngs of Burmese in their red, yellow, blue, green, and purple draperies, the illumination of the temple and houses at night mixing its lights with that of a luminous silver moon, and the night air laden with odours from the surrounding trees. Or, again, the Feast of Lights at another town, a serpentine train of lights floating down the nocturnal river on rafts, rising, falling, and meandering with the current.

The Burmese, in Mr. Fielding's eyes, are the gentlest and most lovable of peoples. Their courtesy to strangers he describes as perfect, and their mutual relations of patriarchal simplicity and kindness. The exception is to be found in those who have come under English influence—particularly those officially employed by our Government. So notorious is this, that the Burmese regard it as a sufficient reason for a man's being a bad character that he is a policeman, or in some other position of Government trust. That, seemingly, releases him from the control of public opinion, and confers on him the privilege to be a scoundrel. It is not a pleasant testimony to our "civilising" influence in Burmah. The Burmese are sensitively kind to animals. The ill-treatment of them, much more the killing of them, is a crime; and the Englishman who lives on the flesh of animals is regarded as a barbarian, an ogre. Mr. Fielding tells of an Englishman who married a Burmese lady. Tenderly attached to her husband, the one great grief of her marriage was that he would eat chickens. When she had ordered the servant to kill a fowl for dinner she would go and sit apart in sorrowful horror, her fingers in her ears lest she should hear the cries of the doomed bird. The whole manners of Englishmen, their love of slaughter, their loud and boisterous mirth, their shouts and roughness, their beer and spirit-drinking, are repugnant to this sensitive, gentle, quiet people.

The women appear to enjoy remarkable liberty, and are described by Mr. Fielding as passionately loving. Marriage is not a religious ceremony, but a private contract, often kept secret for some time after its consummation. To parade the marriage in our fashion would seem to them as indecent as the rest of our behaviour. When a girl cannot obtain her parents' consent to her marriage, she often persuades her lover to fly with her into the woods, where they live an idyllic life, known only to some confidant, until the parents come round. According to one girl who confided to Mr. Fielding the result of such an experiment, a honeymoon in the woods is like paradise. And under Burmese conditions one can well believe it. The woods themselves supply the food needed for such a climate, while the confidant brings them further supplies; the days are steeped in sun, the nights in fragrance and moonlight. An English honeymoon couple might well try it

instead of the Riviera. If a married couple disagree they can get a divorce by the application of either to the elders of the village. Such cases are not frequent, for the elders exercise a sage discretion in granting it. If, said one elder, they granted a divorce every time the woman asked for it, they would be doing nothing else all day long. The man was usually slow in demanding such a thing; but the woman ran to clamour for divorce if her husband grumbled at his dinner, or dropped a peevish word when he returned tired from work—anything or nothing was enough to send her divorce-seeking. They told her to come again in two or three days—they had not time to attend to it now; and usually she never returned. "Women," says the sage Burman, "women have no patience." And most marvellous of all, according to Mr. Fielding, the women themselves confess it!

We wish we had space to quote the abundant instructive and fascinating information contained in this charming book. Seldom has a people been studied with such loving intimacy by a foreigner. Let the reader consult the book at first hand, and he will probably, for the rest of his life, be haunted by the desire to spend a year or so as a naturalised Burman in a village of the Burmese jungle.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

The Life and Reign of Richard the Third.
By James Gairdner, LL.D. (Cambridge: University Press.)

The intimate knowledge of English History in the fifteenth century possessed by the editor of the Paston Letters is admittedly equalled by few and probably surpassed by none, and an enlarged and amended edition of his *Life and Reign of Richard the Third*, which was becoming a scarce volume, is to be received with gratitude. About the character of no English king has controversy raged so fiercely as it has round that of the last Plantagenet, and the genius of Shakespeare has contributed in no small degree to stereotype in the popular mind the views of his enemies, and even to trammel and prejudice the investigations of professed historians. "Diu servabit odorem," and the conception of the "bold, bad man of blood and iron," has been so driven home to us by the insistent reiteration of the stage and the school-book, that possibly Mr. Gairdner himself finds it difficult wholly to divest himself of early impressions and to approach the problem with an open mind. Yet King Dickon has not been without his defenders. During the Tudor period, indeed, no one dared to publish anything in his favour, and it was not till upwards of 160 years after his heroic death on Bosworth Field that a writer came forward to take up the cudgels on his behalf. This was Sir George Buck, an antiquary of some consideration, and a descendant of John Buck, a prominent supporter of King Richard. Buck's work came out in 1646, and therefore more than 120 years before the publication of Horace Walpole's famous *Historic Doubts*. Mr. Gairdner, by the way, on his first page still strangely regards the latter as Richard's earliest apologist, though he alludes to Buck later on. Other writers followed the lead thus given, notably Miss Halsted in 1844, Mr. Legge in 1885, and more recently Sir Clements Markham. It is remarkable that to the very powerful paper contributed by the last-named to the *English Historical Review* in April, 1891, Mr. Gairdner makes no reference; thus the important points raised or established therein remain, so far as this book is concerned, unchallenged. These it is needless to touch upon here, but we may, perhaps, call attention to a few inaccuracies and omissions which occur in matters of detail. It is time that "Sir" William Catesby (p. 119) disappeared from our histories. The inscription on his tomb at Ashby St. Leger, which gives him as "armiger," the Visitations of Northants, the Act of Attainder of 1 Henry VII., and the Plumpton Correspondence (Camden Series, p. 48), all agree in making it clear that he was never knighted, but died an esquire. Similarly, in spite of More, it would be well to discard the loose application of the style "lord" to Richard Grey, who was only of knightly rank. "Rusty armour" on p. 67 is not a happy phrase; and for once in a way, Shakespeare, with his "rotten armour," is more exact, since, as More (or rather Morton) tells us, it was in "old ill-faring briganders" that Gloucester and Buckingham arrayed themselves at the Tower on that fatal June 13, and in brigandines the metal did not show, being sewn or riveted inside the material (velvet, leather, canvas, quilted linen, or what not) of which they were made. Mr. Gairdner writes (p. 214) of Richmond's letter to his supporters that "it was something new for a mere claimant of the crown to treat a reigning anointed king as a rebel against himself." Surely he has forgotten that William of Normandy adopted precisely the same attitude towards Harold. Mr. Legge made some use of a contemporary MS., now in the library at Hardwick Hall, written by one William Cornewaleys, and entitled "The Encomium of Richard the Third." We have never had an opportunity of consulting this MS., but as Mr. Gairdner makes no mention of it, we assume that he has examined it, and has differed from Mr. Legge in finding it to be of no value or interest. To the note on the two Sir Thomas Vaughans (p. 134) might have been added a notice of the statement given in J. G. Nichol's *Grants of King Edward the Fifth* (Camden Series, p. xv.), on the authority of Meyrick and Jones, that the one put to death with Rivers and Grey was a natural son of Sir Roger Vaughan, of Tretower, by an illegitimate daughter of Prior "Redhead," of the monastery of Abergavenny. So, also, it might have been well to refer on p. 4 to the alternative date for the birth of Richard, which, according to Rous, was October 21. The bleeding of the body of Henry VI. after death was not necessarily a "popular delusion, untrue in fact." The long-continued frequency with which evidence based on the belief that the corpse of a murdered person could reveal the presence of the murderer by bleeding

was admitted in legal proceedings (being offered, indeed, as late as 1668) would of itself be strong presumptive proof of the possibility of the phenomenon, which may happen readily enough. After death the blood is congealed for a time, but, when decomposition sets in, any movement may cause the then fluid blood to flow from a wound, or from the nose, or from any thin-membraned structure. Thus, like so many superstitions, the above belief is founded on fact, but the fact is wrongly interpreted. With regard to "The Song of the Lady Bessy," both, not one, of the versions were printed by the Percy Society in 1847. Finally, we are curious to know what contemporary authority there is for saying (p. 141) that Buckingham "revealed to Morton his knowledge of the murder [of the princes]."

Among the numerous valuable emendations made in this edition the author has shown conclusively that, after all, Richmond's standard bearer, Sir William Brandon, was slain by Richard in the last *mélée* at Bosworth, and that the Sir William Brandon who is known to have lived till a few months later was his father. A novel feature is the newly discovered portrait of Perkin Warbeck, which we may agree "bears no striking likeness" to his alleged father, Edward IV. The original dissertation on that pretender has been amplified, and, so far as research has gone, may be regarded as exhaustive.

To sum up, while acknowledging that the conclusions of so learned and conscientious a historian as Mr. Gairdner are to be considered with all respect, we cannot resist the feeling that in freedom from bias and in general grip of the case he has shown himself unequal to more than one writer on this vexed question, and that the latest word on Richard III. has not been said by Mr. Gairdner in 1898, but was said by Sir Clements Markham in 1891.

AIDAN AND ST. CUTHBERT.

The Bishops of Lindisfarne, Hexham, Chester-le-Street, and Durham, A.D. 635-1020. Being an Introduction to the Ecclesiastical History of Northumbria. By George Miles, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. (Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.)

It is seldom that a reviewer is in dread of creating too favourable an impression of a book, yet that is our position at this moment. We have not for many a day derived as much pleasure from any volume as from this, but the doubt is whether others will do the same. How easy is it to fancy the devourer of novels turning up his nose at a musty record of so-called saints and childish miracles, of long dead priests and controversies as dead as they are—told, too, in dry prose! The cause of our own enjoyment is easily explained. As far back as memory goes, the mind of the writer has been saturated with the romance and the poetry of Lindisfarne; not by reading books but by familiarity with the place. He has felt it when catching trout in the Low—the

old Lindis from which the island took its name—when tramping the Kyloe Hills and the manor of Haggerton; when rabbit-shooting on Goswick Sands or gathering flowers under the shadow of King Ida's castle. But it was all vague and wild. Lancelot was first loved because he was "a trusty knight of Northomberlond," and lent Joyeuse Gard (some say it was Bamborough and some say it was Alnwick) to his good friend Tristram of Lyoness and la Beale Isoud, whose merry horn startled the deer on Milfield Plain and was echoed from Cheviot Hill. And then the island, or all but island :

" For with the flow and ebb its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry shod o'er sands twice every day
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day the waves efface
Of stakes and sandall'd feet the trace."

One would raise one's head from the occupation of the moment and see the past like a blurred picture from dreamland :

" And mass and matins and vesper song
Within its walls were heard:
When nought they could hear without but
the sea,
Whose voice rang the doom of things to be,
And the plaint of the long lost bird."

Now comes along an author, well-equipped, painstaking, enthusiastic, who, as it were, gives body and substance to these fancies. His facts are no longer dry when used only to feed the imagination. With his aid the religious life of Holy Island emerges from the dim past.

It began after the battle of Hevenfelth, in which the Christian king Oswald succeeded in utterly routing the Welsh Pagan Cadwallon. Oswald had made a vow to St. Columba that if victorious he would try to convert the heathen of Northumbria. In accordance with this the monks of Iona sent Corman, but he not being successful was followed by Aidan, the first Bishop of Lindisfarne. Here is our author's picture of a Celtic monastery, such as Aidan would naturally found :

" It represented a village consisting of wicker-work and clay. The abbot's cell was built on an eminence as a mark of respect. Apart from this were the cells of the brethren, and close by the church with its "side-house" or sacristy, the refectory, the library; then guest chambers, and, outside the enclosure, cow-hire, mill, granary, and outhouses. The ecclesiastical cities were surrounded by ramparts which served for boundary lines, and also for protection against enemies and wild beasts."

Some concrete details of Aidan are given. He preached in a white tunic, over which was thrown a rough mantle and hood of wool of the natural colour, and at first, till he learned the language, the king himself acted as his interpreter. He never rode, but walked much on foot, and the houses of Coldingham, Melrose, Gateshead, and Hartlepool owed their foundation to him. He died on August 31, 651. Of the fifteen successors that he had at Lindisfarne between then and 900, the most illustrious was Cuthbert, a man whose personality lingers in Northumbrian tradition to this day. He was watching sheep by night on the Lammermuir hills, when lo a light

appeared, and he beheld a company of angels bearing a spirit of surpassing radiance—it was Aidan going to his rest. The dreamer, poet, and visionary, who saw this, forsook his humble calling, and became a monk of Melrose. Not for a period of thirty-four years was he called to Lindisfarne. Finan, Colman, and Tuda had succeeded one another, then follows a hiatus filled in with an account of Wilfrid the Royal Bishop of Northumberland; then comes Eata, and after him Cuthbert. In a slight notice like this it would be unsatisfactory to touch upon, without fully examining, the controversies that, centring in Holy Island, exercised a paramount influence on the future of the English Church. They are ably summarised by Green in his *Short History*, and are given in great detail by Mr. Miles. We are more concerned to seek for some living picture of Cuthbert. Out of the limbo of legend and miracle in which his name is enwrapped it is possible to discern the lineaments of a fine and lovable character. He hated women, and whether, as the irreverent have suggested, it was because he repented him of having yielded to a nature that must have been as passionate as it was strong, or that, as the monks hold, he was disgusted with the whole sex by the immodest advances made to him by a Pictish princess, it is now impossible to say. But the natural explanation of his power over animals—that the ravens listened to his exhortations and the sea-otters licked his feet—is, that like many solitaries, he had an abounding love of wild creatures. And this same kindness of heart is made manifest in Bede's account of his preaching :

" His discourse was so pure and explicit, so serious and so candid, so full of sweetness and grace, when he spoke of the ministry of the law, on the virtue of continence, and on the discipline of justice."

Putting the miraculous and legendary on one side, we picture Cuthbert as a meek and kind old man, very human and frail, more closely acquainted with sin than it suits the monks to admit, yet one that had nobly battled with it. As to his appearance :

" His beard was long and silver grey
Like the rain that falls at break of day;
His locks like wool and his colour wan,
And he scarcely looked like an earthly man."

He is, however, only one of many interesting figures with which this book of Mr. Miles has peopled the past. Not for want of liking but for lack of space do we refrain from touching on the rest.

ANTIDOTAL TO LONDON.

Chronicles and Stories of Old Bingley. By Harry Speight. (Elliot Stock.)

LET a London man come to this book in the right mood and he will read it with deep amusement. Let him not ask what Bingley is to him, or he to Bingley. The place described happens to be Bingley, but it might be any other old self-centred English township, and the charm we are thinking of would be the same. Bingley is the little stone-built

town in Yorkshire which, although it is only twelve miles from Leeds and six from Bradford (two of the most unlovely centres we have ever seen), has the gay courage to call itself "The Throstle Nest of Old England." Among the denizens of the throstle nest is Mr. Harry Speight, that indefatigable Yorkshire antiquarian and untameable gossip, whose books on the Craven Highlands, Airedale, Nidderdale, and Richmondshire come up to London for review with such pleasing regularity. It is impossible not to esteem Mr. Speight. His books are rather ponderous and alarming, and they are not very beautiful within; but they are actual fragments of Yorkshire. They reveal the remote, deep rooted, and indispensable provincial life of which we in London know so little, and that to our loss. They are antidotal to London. The love of London may easily become too exclusive. We ought to renew our consciousness of England; London is not England. Bingley is England.

And here is the book of Bingley. Here is the main street, with its inns and shops, and chill stone houses, and aproned tradesmen. Here are the important roads to Eldwick, and Crossflats, and Keighley, and Cockerfold, and Cullingworth; and portraits of the people who live in these places, and pictures of their houses, and stories of their fathers and grandfathers, and snatches of their local patriotic verse, and the names of the secretaries of their lodges and Temperance Societies, and all kinds of dates and facts which singly mean nothing, but together mean English life.

Not that these insights are granted us on a sudden. No: the pomp of Bingley is preserved. "Primeval Bingley"; "Bingley During the Ice Age"; "The Advent of Man to Bingley"—these first! There were Druids in Bingley before there were Non-conformists. For our part we abandoned the Druids the moment our eye fell on the names of the Rev. Accepted Lister and "Thomas Nicholson, father of the poet."

We are almost sorry that we were not at Bingley on Diamond Jubilee night last year. We should have seen bonfires

"extending from Idle Hill to Ingleborough, and up Wharfedale to the fells of Cracoe and Grassington, a radius of several hundred square miles.

The event is referred to by 'Jim o' th' Cragg Nook' in some capital lines commemorative of Jubilee Day in Bingley, and concluding as follows:

'At night the town was all ablaze with grand illuminations.
And people came from miles around to see our decorations,
I heard one Keighley chap remark, "Well, lads, we all must own,
That Bingley's scored a try this time, and taken Keighley down."

Then here's success to England's Queen, the greatest and the best,
And the same to all her subjects in England's "Throstle Nest."

Poor Keighley! But the Londoner, also, will feel a pang. To have been first man in Bingley!

BRIEFER MENTION.

A Concise Guide to the Town and University of Cambridge. By J. W. Clark. (Macmillan & Bowes.)

If Cambridge were a foreign town it would probably be much better known by English people than it is at present. University men seldom know the place as a whole: they are too busy or too occupied to know much more than their own colleges, and those of some of their school friends, while the crowds which wander through the courts in the long vacation do so, for the most part, unintelligently and with unseeing eyes. To one and the other this little shilling book may be heartily recommended, and by its aid they will discover what a wealth of history lies among the ancient foundations of the fenland University. The subject is conveniently mapped out in four walks, in which are included all the colleges, all the churches, the Guild Hall, the Market Place, the museums, Castle Hill, the Observatory, the river, and every other point of interest in Cambridge. For those who can only pay a hurried visit there is a fifth walk which takes in only those places which it is absolutely necessary to visit—a hurried scamper through the University which should decidedly produce an appetite for the more detailed excursion. In the town of Cambridge there is not much of great interest, as the University has always been the chief reason for its existence. But still, the Castle Hill, which was once a Roman camp, the Round Church, and Great St. Mary's, are worthy of notice. However, the college buildings, of course, chiefly attract visitors, and a useful summary of the chief points in their history is given by Mr. Clark. The buildings of most of the colleges are not very ancient, and many of them have been rebuilt within recent years. Moreover, the material of which they are built deprives them of that air of hoary antiquity so noticeable at Oxford. Peterhouse was founded in 1281, and part of the original Hall, which was built a few years later, is still standing. Trinity Hall also has some ancient buildings, or what is left of them after many alterations, and Pembroke, which dates from 1346, possesses some of the original work of the Countess of Pembroke. In a book of this size the information is, of course, much condensed, but so far as it goes it is excellent. There is a useful map, and the chronological table is of interest. Visitors to Cambridge will be pleased to find that there is so much to see besides the great court of Trinity, King's Chapel, Clare, the Backs, and the brickwork of St. John's.

The Eastern Question in the Eighteenth Century. By Albert Sorel. Translated by F. C. Bramwell. (Methuen & Co.)

For most people the Eastern Question begins with the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, though a good many place it as far back as the Crimean War. But there has always been an Eastern Question, even in the

modern sense, since the Turks first crossed into Europe. The second phase of the question began when the Turks ceased to conquer and began to fall back towards the Bosphorus, and the third and really the modern phase began with the Treaty of Kainardji, in 1774. But the Treaty of Kainardji was inextricably bound up with the "greatest crime of modern times," the partition of Poland, and it is with these two subjects that M. Albert Sorel's masterly work deals, though it incidentally shows how cynical and selfish was the diplomacy of the *Ancien Régime*, and how the partition of Poland cleared the way for the conquests of Revolutionary France. M. Sorel's book opens with the remodelling of the federative system of Europe in 1756, but almost immediately turns to the intrigues which led to the partition of Poland. Russia had two great enterprises in view—the first, the conquest of Poland, which should open the road towards European civilisation; and the second, the conquest of the harbours of the Black Sea, which should open the road to the renewal of the Byzantine Empire under her auspices. With consummate skill M. Albert Sorel traces the steps which led up to the Treaty of Kainardji through the network of intrigue and shifting alliances by which they are overlaid, the one clue being the fact that whatever else may be laid to the charge of Russian policy, it can never be said that it lacks fixity of purpose. Much space is devoted to the Polish question, but though necessary for the proper understanding of the subject in hand, the story of the crime is now chiefly of historical interest. Far more vital is the Treaty of Kustchuk-Kainardji, the effects of which we still feel, for it was the starting-point of those machinations, broken only by terrible wars, which brought Russia, just a hundred years later, to the gates of Constantinople. The Treaty was a model of skill on the part of Russia, and of imbecility on the side of Turkey, for by it the Czar became the protector of the Christians in the Ottoman Empire, and, later on, claimed the right to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey whenever the interests of the Christians demand it. The stipulations on which this claim is built are scattered over the various Articles of the Treaty with wonderful cunning, and from 1774 onwards the Ottoman Empire became a sort of Russian province. Russia has not changed; every word of the transactions recorded by M. Sorel is applicable to the negotiations of to-day, for the Czars continually falsify the foolish saying that history is merely an old almanack.

Clear Speaking and Good Reading. By Arthur Burrell, M.A. (Longmans.)

The dedication of this book is pretty: "To the Unconscious Teachers of the Beautiful in Speech—Little Children." The author's plea for a wider interest in the cultivation of voice and delivery are cogent, and admirably expressed; and his instructional matter is based on long and close experiences of children in the reading class. A really good handbook.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE KING'S JACKAL.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

A short, spirited story—the kind of holiday task a clever novelist produces when he is preparing for a more important book. The scene is laid at Tangier, and the tale is of a king in exile who might be own brother to Daudet's admirable study. American women flit about this King of Messina, whose treachery is exposed by a "brainy," fascinating, and triumphant American war correspondent. His name is Gordon. There are four pictures of Perfect Youths by Mr. Gibson. (W. Heinemann. 149 pp. 6s.)

THE TOWN TRAVELLER.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

In this story Mr. Gissing abandons the middle class life of *The Whirlpool* to study a lower suburban grade of society. Mr. Gammon, the town traveller, drives about London in a trap, calling on small tradesmen, and is a young man of much shrewdness and kindness. Polly Sparkes sells programmes at a fashionable theatre, and is a quarrelsome young person. With these twain, and with the affairs of a Mrs. Clover who keeps a china shop in Battersea, all ignorant of the fact that her husband has succeeded to a peerage, the story is mainly concerned. Much of it is highly entertaining. (Methuen & Co. 313 pp. 6s.)

MRS. CARMICHAEL'S GODDESSES.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

This is a story, by a popular domestic novelist, of Dundee and Dundonians. Mrs. Carmichael was the widow of a cabinet maker. Once a suitor dared to suggest that he should replace the late Mr. Carmichael. "Sir!" exclaimed the lady, "do you mean to insult me?" Mrs. Carmichael's goddesses were her daughters, Kirsty and Viol. The story is the story of whom they married. There is much Scotch by the way. (Chatto & Windus. 284 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE FORTUNES OF THE ROUGONS.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

Mr. E. A. Vizetelly's translation of the first of the famous Rougon-Macquart series. M. Zola began the novel in 1869, and it was published in 1871. Between this and the last of the series, *Dr. Pascal*, eighteen volumes intervened; and since *Dr. Pascal* M. Zola has written *Lourdes*, *Rome*, and *Paris*. Of the whole Rougon-Macquart series there had been sold, says Mr. Vizetelly in his preface, up to Midsummer 1897, 1,421,000 copies of the ordinary paper edition. The translator pleads guilty to having—for the purpose of explaining M. Zola accurately—altered one sentence out of every three. (Chatto & Windus. 347 pp. 6s.)

A CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

BY COL. SAVAGE.

Another breathless romance by the beguiling author of *My Official Wife*. Like that excellent story, this treats also of Russia. This sentence should not too greatly please lovers of Charles Lamb: "The Lady of the Isles gazed inquiringly at old Elia, her butler, whose wrinkled face was as yellow as the buff facings of his faded blue livery." But that is not very characteristic. This is more in the gallant Colonel's manner: "'You will be the last Lord of the Isles. Exile, sorrow, the cells of the Neva, the horrors of Siberia's wilds, or the hangman's noose, will claim you!' The young Count's eyes flamed in anger." (Routledge. 330 pp. 2s. 6d.)

AN HONOURABLE ESTATE.

BY ELLA MACMAHON.

By the author of *A New Note*. The motto of this story runs thus: "Il y a toujours l'un qui baise et l'autre qui tend la joue"; and one gathers from it that Miss Macmahon is not opening up any new ground in fiction. Her new novel deals with the adventures of the Rev. James Vincent among the fair. The scene is laid partly in Florence and partly in Ireland. (Hutchinson. 351 pp. 6s.)

THE MYSTERIOUS SINGER.

BY BERNARD CAPES.

Here we have a shilling story by the author of *The Lake of Wine*. It is a tale of Brighton and of a "Mysterious Minstrel" who sang on the Front. The heroine is Miss Griffin Loofe, "the oldest-fashioned representative of the New Woman." Here is a passage: "She stared at him with dilated pupils, and he at her. 'You have my jewels!' she said wildly. 'Take them! Never let me see you or them again! Go, go, go! or it will be too late,'" and so on. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 179 pp. 1s.)

A SENSATIONAL CASE.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

The author of *The House on the Marsh* does not keep her readers waiting. They are promised sensation, and they are at once given it. The story opens at the Liverpool autumn Assizes. The indictment runs: that Linley Dax "did, on the fifth day of September, 188—, wilfully and of malice aforethought, kill and murder one Henry Tucker Landon, by suffocating him with carburetted hydrogen gas, at Keith House, Widdicombe." (Ward, Lock, & Co. 351 pp. 3s. 6d.)

GOLDEN RUIN.

BY NAT GOULD.

A melodramatic romance of riches and villainy, love and virtue. Here is a passage: "When the last box was emptied Edward Bowden stood and looked at the pile with a mad gleam of exultation in his eyes. Stepping forward, and leaning over the table until his face almost touched the lamp, he buried his bare arms deep into the shining mass. How cool it felt, and how the sovereigns disturbed rolled about, and then settled down again, until only specks of white flesh on his arms could be seen peeping out from the gold." (Routledge. 288 pp. 2s. 6d.)

BELEAGURED.

BY HERMAN T. KERNER.

A costume story of the "Uplands of Baden in the Seventeenth Century." Beneath the illustrations we find such "legends" as these: "'I am going with you, Herr Hugo,' quietly rejoined Egon, 'and I am not afraid of the danger.'—"A few seconds later, the solidly built bridge flew into the air."—"The courier lunged with his full weight at the officer. He passed his guard and thrust him clean through the body." From which it is evident that the story is not devoid of incident. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 404 pp. 6s.)

TO ARMS!

BY ANDREW BALFOUR.

"Being Some Passages from the Early Life of Allan Oliphant, Chirurgeon." On the third page the narrator's intentions become quite clear. "We have seen what I take to be the last struggle of the House of Stuart, and the land has scarce ceased to wonder or to mourn o'er the march to Derby, the slow retreat, and the last dark days on the moor at Culloden and amongst the Highland passes. . . . It is because the days of 1715 run some danger of being forgotten that I have set me to my task, for my thread of life became, for good or for ill, strangely interwoven with the events of that rash, half-hearted effort of the prince's father to win back his own." (Methuen & Co. 344 pp. 6s.)

THE EXPERIENCES OF A LOCAL

SECRETARY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY JOHN CONNOLLY.

This work with the crisp title is likely to interest examinees more than ordinary readers. The "Local" was the Silminster Local Examination, the history of which is very frivolously set forth in these pages. A poem, entitled "Ann Eliza," has this stanza:

"She chose a man called Barrets,
Whose hair was flaming carrots,
Whose talk was worse than parrots,
Ann Eliza!"

A harmless piece of fooling. (Fisher Unwin. 146 pp. 1s. 6d.)

THAT FASCINATING WIDOW; AND OTHER FRIVOLOUS
AND FANTASTIC STORIES. BY S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

We dip at random: "Far away in the sunny districts of the South, sheltered by high hills, lies the small country town of Bibble-cum-Babs. . . . What riled the good folk of Bibble-cum-Babs was the fact that Mr. Clipsby Papplewick, who was positively known to have seen better days, and to be in receipt of a tolerably comfortable income, should systematically ignore the church and the parish. . . . He never went to church, and Miss Pash . . ." (Lawrence Greening & Co. 168 pp. 1s.)

REVIEWS.

Wild Eelin. By William Black.
(Sampson Low & Co.)

MR. BLACK is a novelist of the old school. He prefers his memory and invention to any nonsense about human documents and studies from the life. He says to himself: "Why do people like my books?" And he replies: "Because I never disappoint them; because they know what to expect and they get it." Mr. Black's stories are like holidays in the same place every summer, which differ only in weather. You go there again and again, knowing that you will be comfortable and no experiments will be tried upon you.

In *Wild Eelin* we find the old ingredients. Wild Eelin herself, or Wild Eelin of the eyes like the sea wave, as Mr. Black delights to call her, is to a large extent Madcap Violet again. She is frank and audacious, and daring and courageous, and witty and winsome, and beautiful and Scotch. She assists in the gaffing of a salmon, she boxes the ears of a small bully, and she incites a drover to thrash a big one; she swings high in the family swing, and is suffused with blushes on being discovered; she writes brilliant Jacobite articles for the local paper over the signature of "White Cockade"; she refuses a peer; she is loved by two serious young men, and in the end she dies, just as Mr. Black's heroines and heroes so often do, and leaves the reader disconsolate. Mr. Black has squandered himself on the portrait of this girl. The other personages are the Bean-au-Tighearn, Eelin's mother; Somerled Macdonald, a Canadian railway king and Eelin's suitor; Archie Gilchrist, a machine-made Scotch journalist and genius, Eelin's accepted lover; and Lord Mountmahon, an English peer, upon whom Mr. Black has lavished opprobrious epithets, and whose conduct and conversation he paints in the most lurid colours. There are also fishermen and maidservants, a sub-editor and an elderly enthusiast of the Macdonald clan, certain girl friends of Eelin's, and other accessory characters; and with a piquant incident here and there, and snatches of old Scottish ballads, with a few new ones, and sunsets and scenery and love-making, the story meanders artlessly and engagingly forward.

Here is a passage, the beginning of the description of Eelin's attempt to swim, in the ear'y morning, from the Devil's Kirn to the weir, for a wager:

"Then when Nausicaa and her attendant maidens had gone some little way along the bank, they left the footpath and crossed some beds of shingle towards a clump of rowan trees and alder bushes, that formed a sort of semicircle facing the river; and here, by the aid of hat-pins, they managed to fix up one of the bath-towels to the branches, so that she could retire within to make her preparations. There was not the least need for any such concealment, for not a living creature was anywhere to be seen; but well she knew that if she were to attempt to change her dress out here in the open she would be conscious of a million million eyes staring at her from every quarter of this empty and voiceless universe. So she passed behind the improvised screen; and remained there a minute or two; and came out again wearing the extremely scant attire of a professional swimmer. And now she was, in truth, Nausicaa 'the white-armed,' Nausicaa 'gifted with beauty from the gods'; and perhaps it was carelessness rather than vanity that had caused her to dispense with the customary disfigurement of a bathing cap; but she wore on her feet a pair of scarlet felt slippers, to take her safely over the stones. And still she preserved her undaunted air; it was her companions who had grown apprehensive; for the black water on this dim and ghostly morning had frightened them; and even now, at the last moment, they one and all sought to dissuade her.

'Eelin,' said one of them, with tears in her voice, 'dear old girl, don't try it. The bet is of no consequence! I would rather forfeit twenty times the five shillings. Just look—that Devil's Kirn seems a terrible place!'

'Oh, go away!' said this slim, beautifully made creature, as she took off her red shoes and placed them on the shingle. 'Do you think I am afraid of the kelpie?'

But the next moment she uttered a slight scream—she had put her foot timorously into the water.

'Oh, it's mortal cold!—it's mortal cold!' she said shivering.

And then boldly she splashed right in—making straight across the shallows, until the racing and swaying stream was swirling and surging round her knees. And even further and ever deeper; the darker the water became around her, the whiter she seemed to grow—'Was never salmon yet that shone so fair among the stakes of Dee.'

We have used the term "machine-made" with regard to Archie Gilchrist, but, in sooth, it applies to the whole book. Of the sense of reality, of persuasiveness, there is little. And yet the book will entertain hundreds and thousands of readers and keep them for an hour or two most effectually and agreeably from memory of cares and griefs. What more should we want?

* * *

Willowbrake. By R. Murray Gilchrist.
(Methuen.)

MR. GILCHRIST's stories of a Derbyshire countyside always please us. He has a delicate touch, not only upon the physical features of the quiet landscape, but also upon the quaint survivals of immemorial custom and the old world types of character which linger for who so can find them in the Peakland he loves. *Willowbrake* is conceived upon a larger scale than any of his earlier writings, but its qualities are essentially the same. There is the same wealth of local colour; the people belong to the same province, use the same speech. They are very charming, as Mr. Gilchrist draws them, these people of the past in the present, with the faint fragrance of lavender and southernwood that hangs about their comings and goings. This is the sort of thing Mr. Gilchrist loves:

"The drawing room at Thornhill Manor House is lofty, lighted with two oriels, and hung half-way with Flemish tapestry that depicts scenes from the *Iliad*. Below the coved ceiling runs a frieze in alt-relief, coloured with faint shades of red and green and blue—the subject a deer-hunt. The settees and chairs, whose gilding is dimmed so much that it is only visible by candle-light, are covered with silk embroidery; here Phaeon sprawls in Apollo's chariot, there Orpheus plucks fiercely the strings of a winged lyre. Lucilla Pursglove, who wrought these pictures, died two hundred years ago.

In the window recesses tall lilies, of species rarely seen now, thrust scimitar-like leaves from yellow amphoræ, which had been found when the barrows on Thornhill Moor were desecrated. On the frail mahogany tables bowls of dried rue and sweetbriar, and tangerine oranges made hedgehog-like with cloves, diffuse suggestive perfume that rises sleepily to hang in clouds beneath the paretting of the ceiling.

Mrs. Pursglove, the tall, dignified, brave woman who is *châtelaine* of this manor, is worthy of it, a figure of the sort that Mr. Gilchrist well knows how to paint. And hardly less charming is the younger heroine, Caroline Wootton, from the moment of her first appearance at Thornhill "well-dressing" to her high-spirited action for the honour of her family at the end of the book. The plot is nought: a secret marriage, a claimant, a bribed witness, a page of a register stolen and restored; all a little melodramatic, and not very plausible. But then you do not read Mr. Gilchrist for the plot, but for the atmosphere, and for a certain art he has in the fine delineation of minds and manners.

* * *

Dicky Monteith. By Tom Gallon.
(Hutchinson & Co.)

This is one of those novels in which the most fatigued figures and situations in fiction are used with such a touching belief in their freshness, and withal so pleasantly, that one is compelled, as it were, to take pleasure where one feels that pleasure should not be taken.

The whole story may be inferred from the title and the first chapter:

"The sunlight of an early autumn afternoon was shining pleasantly over the river, lighting even the dull barges and dingy, noisy tugs to something of beauty; it shone into the window of a quaint old room, and touched the figure of a man lying on the faded cushions of the broad window-seat. The man held a book in his hand, but it had fallen to the floor unheeded, and the hand hung listlessly down beside him. . . .

The position of the man, lying idly amid all the noise and hurly-burly of business was typical of his life. He thought, as he watched the river, how the world of sweet and pleasant things, with the sunshine upon it, had slipped past him, leaving him behind, forgotten and useless; remembered, with a sudden little hardening of the lips. . . .

Sally, coming in later with a letter, found him seated with his arms spread out on the table, and with his head resting upon them, fast asleep. She went very near to him and looked down at him, and then laid the letter near his hand and went out."

It being granted that Sally is an East End waif whom Dicky Monteith has rescued from a doorstep, can you not at once divine that Dicky is a good-natured fellow on the right side of forty, that he has done something silly in the past, that he will shortly go through very deep water on account of that silliness, and will eventually marry a sympathetic girl, who, having perceived his true worth from the beginning, abandons a younger and more dazzling lover in order to marry him.

As a matter of fact, Dicky Monteith had done two silly things: he had married (and separated from) a Village Belle, and he had lost in speculations a fortune of which half belonged to a step-brother whom he had never seen.

When he met the step-brother, and found that young man accustomed to wealth, and confident in the anticipation of the squandered fortune, Dicky was too soft-hearted to give him the dreadful news, and so embarked on a career of deceit. By dint of highly improbable meetings with long-lost persons, it all comes right in the end, and the sympathetic girl (her name, quite rightly, is Dorothy) duly falls into the arms of Richard. In the interim there have been some very pretty misunderstandings.

The intrigue is mechanical; the characterisation is conventional; the style does not exist. But, nevertheless, one's impression is one of pleasure. Mr. Tom Gallon displays a naturalness, a simplicity, and a pathetic faith in human nature, which are triumphant against the prejudices of the hardened reviewer.

* * * * *
The Philanthropist. By Lucy Maynard.
(Methuen.)

The life of an orphanage must be, of necessity, dull and gray, and Miss Maynard, perhaps of intention, has not brightened it. Within those narrow walls she has done her work well, but she has not made an attractive book. The *milieu* is cleverly rendered; but the Philanthropist the author fails to realise, or to make us realise. The man ought to be bigger or smaller, both in his height and his fall; and we find no adequate reason for his letting Oliver Kenyon fall under suspicion of having killed Robert Frere. It is one of those stories in which the plot requires for its working-out a lamentable want of common sense on the part of the persons concerned. Stephen Scott would be none the worse for confessing that, by accident and in self-defence, he had caused the fall which killed a singularly ill-conditioned boy. And Penrose Frere, if she were worth anything, would not have sent her lover packing on a quite inadequate suspicion. If you can get over your initial distaste for these incomprehensible proceedings, you may enjoy a well-written book. The lovers, united by that hard-worked go-between, illness and imminent death, get married, and live happily ever afterwards as proprietors of a boys' school on the Lake of Geneva. But even there, or in Paradise, school-teaching is not separable from a certain dreariness. The melancholy of the teaching profession lies heavily on this book.

SHAKESPEARE'S YEAR.

SOME time ago (writes Mr. Edmund Gosse in an interesting article in the *North American Review*) Mr. Swinburne prophesied that 1894 would in time to come be known as "Walter Scott's year," because, although much that was curious and interesting appeared during the same months, nothing equalled the splendour which was thrown on the memory of Scott by the circumstance of the accidentally simultaneous publication of the "Journal" and other illuminating material. It is not easy to diagnose the state of literary health while the symptoms are upon us, and, as a matter of fact, no one, so far as I am aware, has noted that we are passing through a complete crisis of Shakespearianism. But it is true; and the

concentrated activity of Shakespeare scholars in 1898 has been so remarkable that I, in my turn, prophesy that this will be known as "Shakespeare's year." This renewed and impassioned study of a poet who seemed almost hopelessly hackneyed, weighed to the ground under the terrible apparatus of the commentators, is a very striking phenomenon. Here we have a writer so over-written and over-expounded (one might have said) that it was impossible to produce a new sensation regarding him, and, behold! a fresh class of students rises who treat his glorious works as if they were reading them for the first time. . . .

Among the manifestations of the new Shakespearians of the last few months—all, it must be remembered, working unconsciously of the labours of the rest—the earliest place in time must be given to Mr. Sidney Lee. This gentleman has for seven years held the highly responsible office of Editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which he took up when the severity of the task proved too much for the health of Mr. Leslie Stephen, who had founded it in 1882. Mr. Sidney Lee is one of the most competent and brilliant of the younger school of English writers, and the rigour of his duties, their constant strain on his attention, and the width of range which they demand, have marvellously edged and tempered his intellect. This Spartan training among facts and dates, when, as I once heard the Master of the Temple very wittily say, the motto of a writer has to be the funereal one, "No flowers—by request," is as beneficial to certain minds as the laxity of journalism is hurtful. Mr. Sidney Lee has certainly thriven upon it like the herb marjoram, that must be crushed if it is to grow. His biographies have become more and more admirable, until his *Shakespeare*, which, happily, perhaps, came so late in alphabetical order, is a masterpiece. . . .

If we ask ourselves what it is that Mr. Lee has accomplished in his remarkable biographical monograph, the answer appears to be that he has resumed in a perfectly sober and logical survey the facts about Shakespeare's life as they lie scattered over a thousand diverse sources. While other biographers of the poet have endeavoured by a more or less reckless network of ingenious guesses to form a plausible portrait of him, not daring to trust alone to what is certainly and finally known, Mr. Lee has had the courage to discard conjecture altogether, and to content himself by drawing into focus all the disjointed facts. This had been in measure done before. It was first attempted in 1709 by the poet laureate, Nicholas Rowe; Malone, a century later, searched systematically among the official papers at Stratford; while, above all, the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips spent a lifetime in collecting what Mr. Lee calls "massive material" for a biography. Far be it from me to seem to speak disrespectfully of that estimable scholar, whose courteous hospitality I once enjoyed with profit in the extraordinary sort of Indian Village in which he stored his literary treasures above Brighton. But the mind of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips had no leaning toward the synthetic; he could not marshal his information. A fact to him was what a primrose was to Peter Bell, and his *Outline of a Life of Shakespeare* is one of the most chaotic books in existence. The results of important research are these, but they lie in chaotic confusion.

It is to Mr. Sydney Lee's praise that, without the use of conjecture—that dangerous critical narcotic—and clinging as close to every spar of fact as Halliwell-Phillips did, he has yet contrived to make out an intelligible story and to minimise the superstitious or fabulous part of the chronicle.

While Mr. Sidney Lee was preparing this clear and exact biography of Shakespeare, which is certainly the most complete which we possess, an eminent foreign critic was composing a work inspired by much the same order of ideas, although carried out along very different lines. Dr. Georg Brandes has hitherto been, perhaps, less known to English-speaking readers than to any similar class on the continent of Europe. Taking France out of the question, Dr. Brandes is certainly at this moment the most eminent foreign critic alive. . . . Dr. Brandes began to write in the manner which he has now made characteristic about thirty years ago. . . . Armed with long practice in seizing upon the spirit of literary artists from the mere sympathetic study of their lives and writings, in modern instances where academic tradition has had no opportunity to lay down hard and fast opinions, Dr. Brandes has at last come to the conquest of the greatest poet of the world, and the one around whom most of what we call "accepted opinion" has crystallised. He has taken

Shakespeare exactly as he has for thirty years been in the habit of taking modern writers like Victor Hugo or Björnson or Heine, and he has grappled with him face to face. He has said to him: "I will not let you go until you reveal to me the secret of your being." It has become the fashion to say that we know next to nothing of that of Shakespeare, and so commentators have thought it needful to weave a web of fabulous conjecture round his name. But to Dr. Brandes, as to Mr. Lee, it has seemed that, by starting in a patient and logical spirit from the mass of existing documents and data, the outline of Shakespeare's career can quite intelligibly be sketched.

Those who read Dr. Brandes' handsome volumes, competently translated under the revision of Mr. William Archer, must recollect that what they have before them was not originally intended for English students. It was published, as all Dr. Brandes' books are, simultaneously in Danish and in German, and it is addressed to readers in the whole north and east of Europe, from Rotterdam to Archangel, and from Trieste to Bergen. If it had been written for English people, it must have dwelt more minutely on the predecessors of Shakespeare. Dr. Brandes is evidently not a specialist about Webster or about Ford. But for foreign readers the great thing is to distinguish Shakespeare from the group, to stand so far away as practically to see nothing definitely but Shakespeare. This is a work which demanded a foreign critic, and where Dr. Brandes has been so happy is in the exact vision he has been able to reproduce of an isolated Shakespeare, lifted, as an English commentator now-a-days scarcely dares to lift him, so high above his contemporaries that they scarcely count. . . .

The charge of forming a judgment independently of the study of contemporary Elizabethan literature cannot, at any rate, be brought against Mr. George Wyndham. The width of reading exemplified by the Introduction to this gentleman's edition of the poems of Shakespeare has astonished all those who have given a longer time than he and a more unbroken attention to the same "lovely argument." . . . The poems of Shakespeare consist in the main, as any one knows, of three works—of "Venus and Adonis," a love story; of "Lucrece," a narrative merged in a long moral tirade; and of the Sonnets. In early days the first two of these vastly exceeded the third in popularity; during Shakespeare's lifetime there appeared seven editions of "Venus and Adonis," five of "Lucrece," and only one of the Sonnets. In the present century this order has been reversed, and while a whole library has been formed around the Sonnets, the two narrative poems have been neglected more than any other portion of their author's repertory. Mr. Wyndham starts on the assumption, which is contrary to accepted opinion, that the only way in which these three works can profitably be studied is in unison. Here, merely as an instance of that simultaneous attraction to the positive view of Shakespeare's character which I have indicated as the note of criticism this year, I may venture to point out that I had myself, in words published a few weeks before Mr. Wyndham's edition, but certainly not seen by him, emphasised the identity of tone between "Venus and Adonis" and the early sonnets, in the pathos of the vain pursuit of adolescent beauty. . . . The position Mr. Wyndham takes up, as one who through a jarring tribe of gesticulating professors leads the neophyte straight to the work of art itself, and bids him contemplate it undisturbed, is one requiring no little courage. Less learning than he himself has proved would scarcely justify it, yet it is completely justified. The publication of this edition of Shakespeare's Poems makes a certain epoch, and clears the ground of a large mass of entirely dead material which has cumbered the ground for sixty years.

With the earliest months of this year, the most illustrious of American editors of Shakespeare, Mr. Horace Howard Furness, sent forth the eleventh volume of his Variorum Edition, that almost superhuman labour on which he has been engaged so long. This volume is entirely devoted to "The Winter's Tale." No new feature or fresh critical departure marks Mr. Furness's latest appearance, and yet we are quite justified in claiming this veteran among those of the younger school who have set their mark on 1898. Mr. Furness, in his solid and patient progress almost overwhelmed sometimes, like Atlas, "by the too-vast orb of his fate," has prepared the way for these realistic and cautious students. Common sense, an incessant balancing of the exact weight of authority, an impatience of flummery and fustian, these have always been the features of his vast compilation, and have given it

that unique value which is admitted all over the world. . . . The "sweet o' the year" of Shakespeare is not bounded even by the notable contributions which I have already mentioned. Less distinctly to my purpose, but not to be overlooked, is the ingenious treatise on the forms of sport known to Shakespeare which Mr. Justice Madden has lately issued; and at the moment that I write there are appearing in the *Saturday Review* a series of articles, by Mr. Frank Harris, on the personal temperament of the poet as revealed in the texture of the plays. Extraordinary is the vitality and richness of the genius out of whose natural stem so many clusters of fresh foliage can still spring within a single year.

MRS. HOWE AND THE "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" [says the *Critic of New York*] is known wherever the English language is spoken, and it is generally admitted to be the finest battle hymn of modern times.

Those who believe in direct inspiration will understand, after reading her story of its writing, why Mrs. Howe's hymn should be so much finer than any of its predecessors. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" appeared, as have most of the famous poems of American poets, in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here is Mrs. Howe's own story of its writing, which was published afterwards in the same magazine :

"In December, 1861, the first year of the Civil War, I made a journey to Washington in company with Dr. Howe, Governor and Mrs. John A. Andrews, and other friends. As our train sped on through the darkness, we saw in vivid contrast the fires of the pickets set to guard the line of the railroad. The troops lay encamped around their city, their cantonments extending to a considerable distance. At the hotel, officers and their orderlies were conspicuous, and army ambulances were constantly arriving and departing. The gallop of horsemen, the tramp of foot-soldiers, the noise of drum, fife and bugle, were heard continually. The two great powers were holding each other in check, and the very air seemed tense with expectancy. The one absorbing thought in Washington was the army, and the time of visitors like ourselves was mostly employed in visits to the camps and hospitals.

It happened one day that, in company with some friends, among whom was the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, I attended a review of our troops at a distance of several miles from the city. The manoeuvres were interrupted by a sudden attack of the enemy, and, instead of the spectacle promised us, we saw some reinforcements gallop hastily to the aid of a small force of our own, which had been surprised and surrounded. Our return to the city was much impeded by the marching of the troops, who nearly filled the highway. Our progress was therefore very slow, and to beguile the time we began to sing army songs, among which the John Brown song soon came to mind. Some remarked upon the excellence of the tune, and I said that I had often wished to write some words which might be sung to it. We sang, however, the words which were already well known as belonging to it, and our singing seemed to please the soldiers, who surrounded us like a river, and who themselves took up the strain in the intervals, crying to us: 'Good for you!'

I slept as usual that night, but woke before dawn, and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these, I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pen which I remembered to have had the night before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any sight of what I might write in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children, I soon completed my writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep. After my return to Boston, I carried the verses to James T. Fields, at that time editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. The title, 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' was of his devising. The poem was published soon after in the magazine just named, but did not at first receive any especial mention. I think that it may have been a year later that the lines, in some shape, found their way into a Southern prison in which a number of our soldiers were confined. An army chaplain who had been imprisoned with them came to Washington a short time after his release, and in a speech or lecture of some sort described the singing of the hymn by himself and his companions in that dismal place of confinement. People now began to ask who had written the hymn, and the author's name was easily established by a reference to the magazine."

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NOTES AND NEWS.

WITH the First of September the close time both for partridges and literary papers is at an end. Already the publishing tide is turning, and announcements, which stand for the rumble of the approaching wave, are all around us. In a week or two we shall have the wave itself, ending in the ante-Christmas inundations.

FROM the introduction to the selections from the poetry of Mr. Wilfred Seawen Blunt, which Mr. Henley and Mr. George Wyndham have made, we may take a few sentences. "He comes," writes Mr. Henley of his poet, "in fact, through Owen Meredith, straight from the Byron of *Don Juan*, and to my mind he is far and away the strongest, the most personal, and the most persuasive of the whole descent". . . . "His poetry, in fact, is poetry in the good sense of the word to me. But then, I also am a lover of life, and I also look on verse as the rarest and the finest medium for the expression of life the wit of man has yet devised". . . . "I rejoice to proclaim my belief in his book as one personal, distinguished, packed with experience, alive—alike as diction, as emotion, and as truth—from cover to cover."

ACCORDING to *London*, the circumstance that an extensive estate in the neighbourhood of the Alexandra Palace is about to be put up for auction probably means the demolition of another literary landmark—the house at Muswell Hill where Thomas Moore wrote part, if not all, of *Lalla Rookh*. "It is certain," says our contemporary, "that *Lalla Rookh* was finished there, and Moore was living at the cottage in 1817 when Messrs. Longman paid him the unusual price of £7,000 for the copyright." And today who reads *Lalla Rookh*? The house, for those that wish to see it, may be found

at the foot of the hill, near the Palace, standing in its own ground. "*Lalla Rookh Cottage*" is its name. Perhaps the Irish Literary Society will buy it for a shrine; but we fancy not.

THUS the Boston *Literary World* on the recent sale of Brontë relics in London: "There has been an auction sale of Brontë relics in London—shabby hassocks, water-colour sketches, toilette articles, bureau 'fixings,' and the like—but the worshippers were few and the prices low, and for many things there were not bids at all. It was all over in a little while. . . . The shame and sorrow of it is that such mementoes of such women should be put up for sale at all. If it had been done in the United States what a castigation should we have received from England. On the whole, we judge that delicacy is about evenly distributed."

DR. CHARLES FRASER MACKINTOSH, in his *Account of the Clan Chattan* which has just been published, makes an observation which admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson will be apt, and with good reason, to regard as a challenge. The infamous Macqueen, better known as Lord Braxfield, who figures in *Weir of Hermiston*, belonged to one of the minor branches of the Clan Chattan, the sept of Macqueen, and Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, in an outburst of Celtic fervour, writes of him as having been "settled for vilification by a deceased hysterical-spasmodic performer, not his first offence, having regard neither to truth nor the feelings of Braxfield's living descendants." Clearly the allusion is to Stevenson. If Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh means to follow up his challenge and to whitewash the notorious Braxfield, he has a big task before him.

MR. ANDREW LANG, writing from Killarney, thus comments on Corydon's literary taste: "In the fortunate circumstances of Corydon, nobody worth mentioning reads any books at all. If one did read—and twenty books!—they would be, or might be:

1. *Esmond*.
2. *The Virginians*.
3. *The High History of the Holy Graal* (Mr. Sebastian Evans's translation).
4. *The Forest Lovers*.
5. *Anthologia Graeca*.
6. *Old Mortality*.
7. Lamb
8. Hazlitt } Essays.
9. Leigh Hunt
10. R. L. Stevenson
11. *Confessions of St. Augustine*.
12. Boswell's *Johson*.
13. *Montaigne*.
14. *The Moor and the Loch* (Colquhoun).
15. *Sense and Sensibility*.
16. *Memories of the Months* (Maxwell).
17. *Chips from a German Workshop*.
18. *The Compleat Angler*.
19. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.
20. Clarendon's *Rebellion*.

MR. SWITHIN SAINT SWITHAINE (whose views on holiday reading ought to carry a meteorological value) writes on the same subject:

"In determining what books a person should pack into a portmanteau for a holiday, a good

deal depends on where the holiday is to be spent. An artist always draws colour into his blood, and a book is best read amid the scenes in which its author wrote it. Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, and Southey will be best appreciated and yield their fullest amount of enjoyment only in the Lake District. Tennyson's earlier poems—and in a lesser degree his later ones too—will be better understood, and give a more raptured delight in Lincolnshire than in Cornwall. Scott has a softer wooing in his voice beyond the border than a Southerner may hear on the Norfolk Broads, and Bobbie Burns breathes most freely and sings with most music in his words, in his native Ayr. Lover, Gerald Griffin, Tom Moore, and Maria Edgeworth will have most to say, and will say it better in the Emerald Isle than anywhere else. Shakespeare will sing his swan song only by Avon water, and Gilbert White will be your cicerone only at Selborne. The place selected for holiday should determine the books for holiday reading. This rule applies all round. The sparrow chirps everywhere, so does Bradshaw. But if you would hear the nightingale sing you must go where she builds her nest."

To Mr. Swithin Saint Swithaine's views we fancy most persons will demur. If it were necessary to go to Stratford-on-Avon before one could extract right joy from Shakespeare's "Swan Song" fewer persons would read him than do so as it is. As a matter of fact, there is no visible connexion between Stratford-on-Avon and most of Shakespeare's writings.

IN the September *Longman's Magazine* Prof. Brander Matthews pleads for less looseness of rhyme. Such liberties as were taken by Mrs. Browning are intolerable to him, nor would he permit eye rhymes, such as "love" and "move." On this subject a witty and nameless commentator in the *Daily News* embroiders very agreeably. "River," he says, "has just got to rhyme to 'ever,' or the game cannot be played. . . . We can only get to heaven by being forgiven. This is justified, not only by theology, but by immemorial poetic practice."

PROF. MATTHEWS's critic drops into verse by way of illustration. After nailing to the counter a few of the worst cases of rhyming licence on the part of good poets, he says: "Young poets must not rhyme

'All in a bright September dawn,
I went among the sheaves of corn,
And, thinking of my lady dear,
I caroled like a king-fisher,
Expressing my sincere desire
To win the hand of my Maria.
The finches in my father's orchard
With emulative pains were tortured,
I called on Love, that I might lose him,
Between my lady's neck and bosom.'

The last gem, the writer explains, is plagiarised from Mr. Swinburne, who must either say "bosim" or "lose 'um"; the sentiment and sound are reprehended by the moralist and by the theory of rhymes.

IN the current *Cornhill* will be found a stately and impressive "Hymn of Nature," by Mr. Robert Bridges, written for Sir Hubert Parry's music. The poem abounds

in noble phrases. This flight, we think, is particularly beautiful :

" In ways of beauty and peace
Fair desire, companion of man,
Leadeth the children of earth.

As when the storm doth cease,
The loving sun the clouds dispelleth,
And woodland walks are sweet in spring;
The birds they merrily sing
And every flowerbud swelleth.
Or where the heav'ns o'erspan
The lonely downs
When summer is high:
Below their breezy crowns
And grassy steep
Spreadeth the infinite smile of the sunlit sea;
Whereon the white ships swim,
And steal to havens far
Across the horizon dim,
Or lie becalm'd upon the windless deep,
Like thoughts of beauty and peace,
When the storm doth cease,
And fair desire, companion of man,
Leadeth the children of earth."

The hymn will be performed at the forthcoming Gloucester Festival.

MR. WHITWORTH WALLIS, the Keeper of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, in sending us the new penny Catalogue of the Permanent Collection of Paintings, writes : " You may be interested to see what can be done in the way of a *penny* catalogue, with notes, which can be sold to the public without loss, more especially after the discussion on the question of cheap catalogues which has recently taken place before the Select Committee of the House of Commons. It seems a pity that the authorities of the South Kensington, Bethnal Green, and other museums, and also the National Gallery, cannot provide a similar catalogue for the benefit of the poorer visitors to those institutions."

THE catalogue itself is a very meritorious compilation. It is square in size, some eight inches by six, is illustrated with views of the galleries, and the biographies of the artists are concise, clear, and informing. Birmingham, it seems, has had more to do with art than we knew. Among other artists, Sir Edward Burne Jones, David Cox, Mr. Walter Langley were natives of the town, and Mrs. Allingham lived there as a girl.

" So far the novelist has had the last word," we wrote on August 13, referring to the late pleasing passage of arms between Archdeacon Sinclair and Mr. Hall Caine. Replying to the Archdeacon's objection that " no such worldly and vulgar-minded archdeacon as Archdeacon Wealthy existed or could exist in London," Mr. Hall Caine said that he had with difficulty prevented a London newspaper from publicly asserting that Archdeacon Wealthy was a portrait of Archdeacon Sinclair himself. The world smiled, and went on its way. But the Archdeacon of London now answers Mr. Hall Caine in the columns of the *Manx Sun*; and to a *Daily Mail* representative he has given eight points in which he differs from Archdeacon Wealthy, concluding as follows : " The general impression of Hall Caine's *The Christian*,

which was a study of contemporary Church life in London, would be that the London clergy were, as a whole, a worldly, inefficient set, and that John Storm, a bright and unique star, shone by contrast with them. On the contrary, most of them are animated by his unworldly and unselfish spirit, only guided perhaps with a little more consistency, steadiness, and discretion."

THERE is a story in the current *Temple Bar* (which now bears Messrs. Macmillan's imprint) that we commend to the delighted notice of the Omar Khayyám Club. It tells of a too literal disciple of the Persian, and incidentally shows that the present half-guinea edition, which has been so much abused of late, is within the means of all who really want it. Here is a passage. The narrator has just bought an india-rubber ring from a "gutter-merchant" in the Strand :

" I scanned him curiously, carefully tucking the new edition of the Rubáiyát I had just purchased under my arm to excuse my hesitation.

" 'Omar Khayyám, I see, sir!' He smiled and nodded towards the book. 'A sweet singer—aye, a sweet singer,' he added softly, almost reverently.

I was startled. What manner of man was this to sell bootlaces and such trifles in the gutter of a London street?

His clothes were old, but clean and tidy. No two buttons of his coat and vest were alike in pattern, but there were none missing. There were numerous patches in all his outer garments, but no hole, no tatters. His boots, moreover, were polished till my own looked dingy by comparison. I was becoming interested. I raised my hand to my clean-shaven chin and looked at him boldly but curiously. His eyes followed mine; intelligent eyes, with just the suspicion of a merry twinkle in their brown depths. Then my eyes fell till they rested on his shaggy, straggling beard. I saw his hand—a white, refined hand, I had time to notice—go up to his beard and tug at it sharply.

" Beards are an abomination, but shaving is a luxury," he said.

" 'Omar Khayyám is a luxury, too, my friend,' I responded.

" Yes, for such as I," came the reply, with just a tinge of bitterness.

I felt sorry I had spoken so carelessly.

" It swallowed up the profit on a lot of umbrella rings to buy it," he said, pulling out of his coat pocket another copy of the Rubáiyát.

" A week of short commons, since repaid by a continual feast," he said, tapping the cover lovingly; and then, with the glitter of the poet enthusiast in his eye, he quoted :

' A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness.
Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow!'

" Laces! key rings! umbrella rings!" He had moved on to fresh customers."

For the rest of this convincing and pathetic rigmarole the reader must consult *Temple Bar*.

MEANWHILE we notice that Mr. Edward Heron Allen's edition of the *Rubáiyát* has gone into its second thousand.

THE American lady, Miss Caroline Le Row, who was responsible for that diverting little work, *English as She is Taught*,

for which Mark Twain wrote a preface, has a literary colleague in Miss Catherine J. Dodd, the lady who contributes "A Study of School Children" to the new *National Review*. Miss Dodd recently put the following question to 105 primary school children between the ages of ten and fourteen : " What is a policeman, a postman, a soldier, a king, a professor, a member of Parliament, a negro, a School Board ? " Then the fun began. Ninety-nine per cent. knew what a policeman was; one hundred, a postman and a soldier; ninety-eight, a king; seventy-one an M.P.; sixty-nine, a negro; thirty-nine, a School Board; and thirty-seven, a professor.

HERE are some replies. First, let us take the soldier. In the following account the word "shove" has tremendous emphasis : " A soldier wears a red coat, and some striped trousers. He goes in the army to fight with a sword and spear, he has a gun and a bayonet to shove in the enemy's breast, to kill them and to shoot with the gun at the enemy." The king was thus touched off : " A king rules over a country, he gets the place by being descendant of the last king." " A king is a man who if his father was a king, he would be a king too, if he were the only son." The Member of Parliament was more confusing. These are certain of the replies : " A member of Parliament keeps things straight for the Queen." " A member of Parliament is a gentleman who tries to make laws." " A man what you has to vote for in elections." " A man who makes laws and sees if the Queen consents to them." " A member of Parliament is to sign the notes, to add up bills, and keep some laws." " Some" is good.

BUT the professor was the real crux. The country children avoided the question altogether or associated the professor with tricks at a show. Among the other replies were these : " A professor is someone who writes stories." " A man who makes a book." " A gentleman who publishes something." " A man who has passed a high examination." " A very clever man." " A learned man well-known." " One who can do his work easily." " A man skilled in sense." " A professor is a man who is well off." " A man who lives in a nice house." " A professor is a man who does something good." " A person who professes to do something." " A man who says he can do anything." " A professor teaches all kinds of instruments." " He is one who knows different languages." " A professor is a man or woman who teaches singing." " A man who knows clever tricks."

THE "Temple Classics," which Mr. Gollancz edits for Mr. Dent, have a variousness that is almost bewildering. The two latest volumes in this pretty series consist of John Selden's *Table Talk* and—Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. Whether either is rightly a "classic" is a question for Mr. Gollancz to answer. In the "Temple Dramatists" series, also edited by Mr. Gollancz, Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* has just appeared, with an introduction by Mr. Lowes Dickinson.

THE BARBER-POET OF AGEN.

THAT small company of eminent Parisians known as the Cadets de Gascogne, who have left Paris to visit their native district in the South of France, and to sing the praises in poem and in discourse of the famous men who have been born there, will have done something more than spent an agreeable holiday when their pilgrimage is over. The spirit in which the warm-hearted southerner regards his *pays*, and the memory of the poets and painters to which it has given birth, is difficult for a northerner to understand until he has visited the Midi; but so soon as he has done so, and learnt something of the men and traditions of that most delightful part of France, he will not be long in appreciating them; and the chances are he will be as ready as the best to worship fervently at the shrine of some southern genius or other, now long since dead. And especially will this be so, I think, in the case of Jacques Jasmin, for "the last of the troubadours" has an especial claim upon the admiration of literary men of the unemotional north, as well as upon the love of those of the full-blooded south.

The barber-poet of Agen was the son of a humped-backed tailor and a lame mother, and he was born on March 6, 1798, in the Rue des Charretiers in that small Gascon town. His real name was Jacques Boé, Jasmin being a sobriquet applied to members of his family for three generations. The joys and sadnesses of his childhood are recorded by him in *Mous Soubenis*—"My Souvenirs"—a work published in 1830, which first revealed his thoughtful and dreamy nature. There the poet tells us under what circumstances he was expelled from school, reveals the poverty of his parents, and relates the story of his early experiences, which are among the most interesting in literary history. After being employed for some months in very humble occupations, he was apprenticed to a barber, who had been one of Bonaparte's soldiers, and in whose employ he found time to read Florian and Ducray-Duminil, and to write his verses in French and in *patois*.

At the age of eighteen Jasmin married and set up in business on his own account. His companion appears to have had the most beneficial influence over him in regard both to his work and to his happiness. Marie Barrère, such was her maiden name, was the poet's ideal of womanhood, and everybody at Agen knew that Magnoumet, as he called her familiarly, had had her portrait painted in his *Françonne*.

"Françonne a deux yeux vifs comme des étoiles ; il semble qu'on prendrait les roses à poignée sur ses joues rebondies ; ses cheveux sont bruns, recoquillés ; sa bouche semble une cerise ; ses dents obscurciraient la neige ; ses petits pieds sont faits au moule, et sa jambe, fine, légère"

Was ever a prettier picture of a wife drawn by a poet?

Among the verses in *patois* which Jasmin—following the example of his father—composed for the carnival of his native town was a song called *La Fidélité Agenais* (1822), which became popular and made him decide to give up verse-making in French

so as to devote himself exclusively to the native muse. Three years after writing that song he produced his first important work, *Lou Chalibary*, the story of an Agen carnival, which attracted considerable notice among the critics, notably Charles Nodier, who recognised by the qualities of that poem alone that a true poet had been born. His next success was with *Lou Tres de May* (1830). The Agen Literary Academy had opened a competition for a French poem on Henri IV., which was to be read on the occasion of the unveiling of that monarch's statue at Nérac. Jasmin wrote his poem in *patois*, and was crowned in company with the author of the winning poem, the Agen academy thus recognising the rights of the common tongue. It was at that period that the poet wrote his souvenirs already mentioned, that he commenced to travel from town to town reciting his compositions, and that, wishful to remain the popular *coiffeur des jeunes gens*, he collected his first works under the professional denomination of *Las Papillotos*. And so Jasmin proceeded, publishing in 1836 the famous *L'Abuglo de Castel-Cuillé*, the most simple and touching of idylls; *Françonne*, (1842), which was the work of seven of the best years of the poet's life; *Maltra l'Innocent*, (1847); *Lou Poueto del Puple à M. Renan*, inspired by reading the *Vie de Jesus*; and *Mous Nouvelles Soubenis* ("Second Thoughts on Youth") : it may be inferior to the first, but containing many of their sterling literary and human qualities.

But little of the work of Jasmin is known to English readers, and only one poem (*L'Abuglo de Castel-Cuillé*) is known at all well. Thanks to the admirable translation which Longfellow made of the poem, it is almost as well known as "Evangeline." The subject of the "Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé" may be given in a few words. Baptiste and Margaret love each other, and are engaged to be married. The young girl loses her sight, but retains her love. One morning she hears that her lover is going to be married to Angela. Stifling her sorrow, she gets herself led to the church where the marriage ceremony is to be performed. Hardly are Baptiste and Angela married than there is a cry from Margaret, who dies with sorrow before she has had time to stab herself with the knife concealed in her bosom. Margaret's lament at the non-reappearance of her lover may be quoted as one of the finest and most touching passages in the poem :

"He has arrived ! arrived at last !
Yet Jane has named him not these three days
past !
Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !
And knows that of my night he is the star !
Knows that long months I wait alone,
benighted,
And count the moments since he went away !
Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !
What joy have I without thee ? what delight ?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery ;
Day for the others ever, but for me
For ever night ! for ever night ! "

Not only Nodier but Sainte-Beuve welcomed Jasmin as a great poet. "L'Abuglo," said the famous critic, "offre, plus que les précédents ouvrages de Jasmin, le caractère

de sensibilité et de pathétique au milieu des grâces conservées d'une muse légère."

The latter years of Jasmin's life were spent in travelling about the Midi reciting his poems in aid of the poor, who, it is said, benefited by his efforts to the amount of more than 1,500,000 francs. He died on October 5, 1864. His last moments were those of a true poet; indeed, I know of hardly any death-scene so touching as that of the "last of the troubadours." He contemplated death as it arrived, and was not afraid. No detail of his daily affairs was too unimportant to be neglected even at that time. In the case of the majority of men, and especially those of advanced age, death comes upon them with stealthy step, unexpected; but with Jasmin it was different : he was fully conscious of his approaching end, and he endeavoured to make it more of a poem than death is usually. The poet had made his will. On the morning of October 5 he assembled his family to say the last farewell. As his son had not been able to reach the death-bed, he said that he would await him, almost as though conscious of a certain power to stay the hand of the grim executioner. Recollecting that he had not signed the money-order sent to him by the State, from which he had been in receipt of a small pension since 1843, he called for pen and ink. "And now," he said to some one, after laying down his pen, "may I go ?" The evening of the same day he passed away, within his fingers not a crucifix being placed, but the MS. of *Lou Poète del Puple à M. Renan*, in which the poet had made good his title to fame, and in which the Christian had boldly declared his faith.

FREDERIC LEES.

RUBINSTEIN'S WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

"I AM of opinion," wrote Rubinstein in his best vein of dogmatic finality, "that every one (man or woman) on reaching a certain stage of life after which he has presumably little longer to live ought to feel in duty bound to leave the events and happenings of his life behind him in writing—to give, so to speak, an account of the stewardship of his life to society. The life of everyone, however unimportant his station in life, has something of interest from a psychological, an intellectual, or some other point of view—not to speak of the life of a man in an unimportant responsible position. No romance can offer aught as interesting or instructive as such a legacy." It is characteristic of the man that when it came to applying this *obiter dictum* to his own case he carefully abstained from giving an account of his stewardship. Indeed, by destroying his letters and papers with the greatest thoroughness he took every precaution that no one else should have any encouragement to undertake the task vicariously. He did it designedly. During the latter years of his life he was frequently adjured to write his memoirs. He waved these proposals aside. "After all, the most

interesting things," he was wont to say with a burst of his magnificent wholesome laughter, "are what I could not tell." Rubinstein's biography has, therefore, still to be written. He did, indeed, several years ago, prevail upon himself to give a very bald sketch of his career to a Russian journalist." This has been elaborated into a flimsy second-hand autobiography the dreariness of which translation into English has rendered yet more arid. For all that, Rubinstein's genius has, apart from the bequest of his musical works, left a rich legacy.

For the last three years before his death he was in the habit of jotting down the thoughts and impressions which his keen mind, wandering back over a long and eventful life, crystallised into pithy aphorisms—"brain fleas skipping about the slumbering ideas," as Heine once called them. These scattered notes, rough hewn in their uncompromising candour, of what he really thought, the unvarnished expression of his matured judgment on art and religion, on life and society, give a better picture of the man as he was, of his strange and, in many respects, contradictory nature, than pages of narrative could do.

For Rubinstein was a man, as well as a musician, of genius. Talent must specialise; genius leaves its mark on whatever it touches. If Rubinstein had not been a great musician, he would have been a great writer. The art in which his genius unfolded itself was only a question of choice and of outside influence. Every experience of life left a clear-cut impress on the tablets of his mind. The impression may have been wrong, but it was always original and always distinctive. It was, in short, himself.

These notes Rubinstein used to call, with apologetic modesty, his *Gedankenkorb*—the waste-paper basket of his thoughts. During his lifetime he kept it jealously under lock and key. Shortly before his death he gave the key to his trusted impresario, Hermann Wolff, with the injunction that, as he valued peace and quietness, not to publish its contents during his lifetime. In the fulness of time the waste-paper basket has been poured out for all the world to rummage in, and a very curious experience even a casual glance at its contents is. So sacred has Herr Wolff held his master's charge that he has not even ventured to sort or to arrange these notes. They have been published as the master left them—a strange medley of grave and gay, of jewels and tinsel, of naked truths and whimsical fancies.

Rubinstein's character was an amalgam of contradictions. An almost fanatical devotion to truth jostled the sensitive vanity of the artist. The pessimism of the confessed atheist was tempered by the most unstinted admiration for the beauties of Christianity. A democrat by conviction, he was always an aristocrat at heart. No one was prompter to recognise these conflicting elements in his composition than Rubinstein himself. There is a note of mockery in his confession. "To Jews, I am a Christian; to Christians a Jew; to Russians a German; to Germans a Russian; to the classical school I am a modern (*Zukunfler*); to the moderns a reactionist; and so on. Con-

clusion: I am neither fish nor flesh—a pitiful being."

And again, he writes: "I live in constant contradiction to myself—*i.e.*, I think in opposition to what I feel. I am an atheist from a sectarian and religious point of view, but am convinced that it would be a calamity if mankind had no religion, no church, no God. I am a Republican, but am convinced that the only proper form of government for mankind as it is is the rigidly monarchical. I love my neighbours as myself, but am convinced that mankind deserves little more than contempt. And so on. And all this refers not to the uneducated, but to cultured and, indeed, to eminent men. This strain of contradiction in my being embitters my life—for the only logic can be that a man should think as he feels, and feel as he thinks. Am I then really something monstrous?"

The monologue rings with the analytic self-torture of a Faust brought face to face with the problems of reality. Not only in himself but in everything he has seen in life does the perpetual conflict between precept and practice puzzle him. A little stinging epigram in the tail of a note on ecclesiastical architecture is a good illustration of his attitude towards religion, and a characteristic example of his literary style at its best. "The Gothic style of ecclesiastical architecture strikes me as the best because it is the expression of mystic yearning heavenwards (*nach Oben*)—the Byzantine, later Russian, seems to me to be the expression of a gorgeous but rigid and intangible ritualism; the many domes remind me of the mitres on the heads of the priests. The style of the old Greek temple is to me the expression of the mythological, Olympian, sunny, peaceful and beautiful, but not suited to Christian worship, because out of harmony with its suffering, dramatic, tragic element. It therefore strikes me as an anachronism—thus the Madeleine Church in Paris. It always strikes me as curious that the Madeleine Church and the Stock Exchange should be quite similar buildings; it seems to me as if the one were the stock exchange of piety (towards God), and the other the piety of the Stock Exchange (towards the Golden Calf)." For all his strictures on clericalism, for all his doubts, difficulties, and scepticism in matters of religion—and he was an honest doubter—Rubinstein is careful never to say aught that might offend sincere religious convictions. He recognises that religious belief makes for peace and happiness. "How happy it is," he exclaims, "for the unhappy to have a belief in God."

It is, therefore, somewhat strange that, irreligious as he was, or professed to be, the inspirations for the works he himself appraised most highly should be drawn from Holy Writ. His "Christus" was the last great work he lived to finish. He himself was vaguely conscious of the paradox, and tries to explain it, but vaguely and without conviction. "It is a mistake to suppose that an artist (painter, poet, musician, sculptor) must be orthodox in order to treat religious matters correctly and well—it is as if you were to expect an artist

dealing with mythological material to be a pagan. Art is pantheistic; she sees a divinity in every blade of grass, and, therefore, and all the more, the material of art. Her religion is aestheticism; she demands no confession of faith from the artist; he can make his pictures holy." His atheism seems to be another echo of the life-long painful conflict between "thinking and feeling." The doctrine of aestheticism sounds like a makeshift.

Pride of intellect was Rubinstein's stumbling-block. Honest and tolerant as he was, he could never bring himself to become as a little child. "In all branches of knowledge," he complains, "a beginning is predicated, a growth and a ripening of the intellect. Therefore, a child cannot be taught what the grown man is taught, nor, of course, *vice versa*. But this is the case in matters of religion. The child and the man, the scholar and the fool, the philosopher and the idiot, are bracketed together. All of them have the same teaching; from all of them the same practice (*Ausübung*) is demanded." The philosopher could never humble himself to see a brother in the idiot. For he had great riches.

His remarks on England are, as a rule, civil enough, but he cannot deny himself the satisfaction of a peck against our insularity. "The only letter which Englishmen write in capitals (*gross schreiben*) is *I*. This, I think, is the most pointed comment on their national character."

Very rarely does Rubinstein refer to his own work or to his own experiences as a musician. When he does, he always is interesting. "If people send me a poem to set to music, I feel as if they were introducing a girl to me to fall in love with. You chance to read a poem; it excites you; you set it to music. You chance to see a girl; she pleases you; you fall in love with her. But, in either case, of your own impulse, not by mediation."

There is pathos in the reason he gives for his devotion to his work during the last years of his life. "Death comes upon a man so suddenly and so unexpectedly that I always carry the thought about with me: 'The next moment thou wilt be no more.' On this account my, perhaps excessive, hard work. I, too, should like to have left some message to mankind." And again: "The greatest unhappiness for the worker (*Schaffenden*) is to outlive himself—and how often you come across it." The last paragraph on the last page gives the keynote of Rubinstein's career as an artist: "I appeared in public as long as I noticed that I played better to an audience than for myself alone at home. I retired when I found that I played for myself alone at home better than for an audience." He died, as he had lived, a great artist.

O. W.

MR. ZANGWILL'S EARLY HUMOUR.

Mr. ZANGWILL has reissued his early books, *The Bachelors' Club* and *The Old Maids' Club*, in a single volume (Heinemann). Unhappily, the freakish binder has so managed that whenever it is taken up the book opens at a deplorable effort entitled "The Red Tape-Worm." This is not quite fair to Mr. Zangwill; for though it is true he perpetrated the passage in question, it is not accurately typical of his quality throughout. He has pages and pages that are more amusing and in better—nay, in irreproachable—taste. Yet we cannot rid our minds of the horrid pleasantry: there it is, wherever the book is opened, a continual memorial of its author's fatal oppression of vulgarity.

The fact that Mr. Zangwill has permitted the republication of this volume at all is another proof of this oppression. Once, a few years ago, when Mrs. Mona Caird inaugurated a *Daily Telegraph* correspondence on the holy estate of matrimony, and jokes on marriage were funny, these books—this *Bachelors' Club* and this *Old Maids' Club*—were in their way amusing. It was not the best way, but it served; and the pages of Mr. Zangwill's organ, *Ariel*, were the brighter. But to-day? Do we want this *rechauffé* of old cynicisms and smartnesses? Does Mr. Zangwill recognise no progression? Since these books appeared he has written *Children of the Ghetto* and *Dreamers of the Ghetto*; he has, in other words, found his best artistic self. Why then once again draw attention to these facile flippancies? For that *The Celibates' Club* is not merely the publisher's device we gather from Mr. Zangwill's new preface, in which he pronounces a paternal benediction on this union of Bachelors and Old Maids.

Personally, we come to both books for the first time, and we are not exhilarated. Six hundred and seventy pages are too much of anything, particularly of self-conscious humour. Of fun it is not easy to be surfeited; but Mr. Zangwill has no fun. He has extraordinary quickness for whimsical contrast, and too ready a mind for a pun. And no one now writing can put his finger more sharply on an absurdity. But for the making of a good humorous book more things are necessary. We are wearied by the hard glitter of the work, and we are annoyed by the lack of finish, of serious effort.

The author seems to have taken the line of least resistance: if a pun was suggested, the pun was made; if an inversion was suggested, the inversion was made; and so on. In the original preface we read: "If I succeed in making only one reader laugh, I shall have written wholly in vain"; and that is a typical Zangwillism. It is funny at first, afterwards it is not. "He carried his head high, and a Malacca cane"—Mr. Zangwill was not, in those days, above so short a cut to laughter as that. And again: "I shall never forget the wild cry of gratitude with which he fell upon my bosom. His tears moistened my shirt-front, but [cannot you see what is coming?] he assured me it didn't matter." Here,

also from *The Bachelors' Club*, is another example of humour:

"Miss Esmeralda Green—spinster. The popular authoress of *Boomethe as a Bumble Bee*, and other unreadable novels. Short, stout spinster, with the languid, aristocratic manner of a Persian cat and the moustache of an English guardsman. An instance of precocious genius. Her distaste for grammar apparent even before she could speak plainly; and when she could, she became an awful liar. Talent from side of father, one of the most inveterate advertisement canvassers that ever drew breath and the long-bow. Never writes except on paper. Her chief work is done at the British Museum, and nothing puts her out so much as the librarian and his mercenaries at closing time. 'Esmey,' as her friends call her, is very fond of pastry, and they attribute her success to puffs. Takes little sleep, and even when sleeping protests against it through her nose."

Does Mr. Zangwill really wish still to be associated with this kind of mirthfulness?

The Old Maids' Club is superior to *The Bachelors' Club*, brighter, cleverer, and sweeter; but there is much in it that, topical when the book was written, is now not to be understood by any one with a poor memory for literary fads and foibles. Satire, for example, at the expense of Miss Menie Muriel Dowie's travels has lost its actuality. Why the author has not revised his text we cannot conceive, unless he dreaded beginning such a task. But the whole production shows lack of right preparation: the two tales composing the volume under its new title are actually printed in different types! Mr. Heinemann is a publisher from whom one would expect better things than this.

BACON APPLIED.

"SOME Bookes," says Lord Bacon, "are to be Tasted, others to be Swallowed, and Some Few to be Chewed and Digested," and in the last category his own volume of essays holds a foremost place. I took them with me on my holiday in August, and culled from their wisdom of three hundred years the following references to affairs to-day:

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

"Upon the Breaking and Shivering of a great State and Empire, you may be sure to have Warres. For great Empires, while they stand, doe enervate and destroy the Forces of the Natives, which they have subdued, resting upon their owne Protecting Forces: And then when they faile also, all goes to ruine, and they become a Prey. So was it, in the Decay of the Roman Empire; and likewise in the Empire of Almaigne, after Charles the Great, every Bird taking a Fether; and were not unlike to fall to Spaine, if it should break."

So, too, it were not unlike to fall to China, and Bacon has a word or two to say on that subject:

THE POWERS AND CHINA.

"There can be no generall Rule given (the occasions are so variable,) save one; which ever holdeth; which is, that Princes do keepe due Centinell, that none of their

Neighbours doe overgrow so, (by Encrease of Territory, by Embracing of Trade, by Approaches, or the like) as they become more able to annoy them than they were. And this is, generally, the work of Standing Counsels to foresee, and to hinder it."

And of Britain's policy in especial, he declares: "If a Man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleepe." "Surely, at this Day," he writes in another place, "with us of Europe, the Vantage of Strength at Sea (which is one of the Principall Dowries of this Kingdome of Great Brittaine) is Great: Both because, Most of the Kingdomes of Europe are not merely Inland, but girt with the Sea, most part of their Compasse; And because, the Wealth of both Indies seemes, in great Part, but an Accessary, to the Command of the Seas. . . . But these Things are commonly not observed, but left to take their Chance." A *Chronicle* leader could hardly be more direct.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S DEATH.

"Cum non sis, qui fueris, non esse, cur velis vivere. Nay, retire Men cannot, when they would; neither will they, when it were Reason: But are impatient of Privatenesse, even in Age, and Sicknesse, which require the Shadow: Like old Tounesmen, that will be still sitting at their Street doore; though thereby they offer Age to Scorne." But if Bacon speaks thus of the last years at Friedrichsruh, he is not blind to the evils of a loquacious Emperor. "Surely, Princes had need, in tender Matters, and Ticklish Times, to beware what they say; Especially in these short Speeches, which flie abroad like Darts, and are thought to be shot out of their secret Intentions." I fancy, too, that Bacon must have been thinking of the Social Democrats of Germany, on the morrow of Prince Bismarck's death, when he wrote—"They that deny a God, destroy Mans Nobility: For certainly, Man is of Kinne to the Beasts, by his Body; and if he be not of Kinne to God, by his Spirit, he is a Base and Ignoble Creature. It destroies likewise Magnanimity, and the Raising of Humane Nature."

Bacon has the following harmless comment on such an event as the appointment of a new

VICEROY OF INDIA.

"This is well to be weighed," he reminds us, "that the right Use of Bold persons is, that they never command in Chiefe, but be Seconds, and under the Direction of others. For in Counsell, it is good to see dangers; And in Execution, not to see them except they be very great."

THE ALIENS BILL.

"All States, that are liberall of Naturalization towards Strangers, are fit for Empire."

THE RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE ON MONEY-LENDING.

"If it be Objected, that this doth, in a Sort, Authorize Usury, which before was, in some places, but Permissive: the Answer is: that it is Better, to Mitigate Usury by Declaration, than to suffer it to Rage by Connivence."

OTHER SUBJECTS.

I might further quote Lord Bacon's opinion of a distinguished member of the House of Commons, as a man whose "Strength is in Opposition; And when that faileth, he groweth out of place"; or his summary of another hero of debate: "Some thinke to beare, by Speaking a great Word, and being peremptory; And goe on, and take by admittance that, which they cannot make good"; or his sage advice to the modern Zionists: "The People where-with you Plant, ought to be Gardners, Plough-men, Labourers, Smiths, Carpenters, Coyners, Fisher-men, Fowlers, with some few Apothecaries, Surgeons, Cookes, and Bakers," or a dozen other passages with a living meaning at this hour.

Enough has been quoted to show that all the wisdom of our day is not contained in the columns of the newspapers, and the candidate for political honours might do worse than take a preliminary course of Bacon.

L. M.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"IN THE CAGE."

The Standard reviewer promptly puts his readers in possession of the key to Mr. Henry James's latest story:

"It will be a surprise to Mr. Henry James's readers to find that his new story, *In the Cage*, is a study of a young person who spends, 'in framed and wired confinement, the life of a guinea pig or a magpie.' In short, a young lady in a telegraph-office whose function is 'to sit there with two young men—the other telegraphist and the counter clerk—to mind the "sounder," which was always going, to dole out stamps and postal orders, weigh letters, answer stupid questions, give difficult change, and, more than anything else, count words as numberless as the sands of the sea, the words of the telegram thrust, from morning to night, through the gap left in the high lattice.' The post-office, it should be said, is at a grocery shop in Mayfair—we think we could put our finger on it, but that is a detail. The interest centres in the young lady, though not in her personal history, for whatever her imagination with regard to others may be, concerning herself she keeps a cool, clear head, and even when romantic possibilities might well suggest themselves to her, can never be said to swerve from her well-considered, but by no means enthralling, engagement to Mr. Mudge. Her speculations concerning certain messages handed in to her, the romance she weaves around them, her eagerness and sympathy, her desire to follow out and to help the lives of which, in briefest words, she gets some vivid glimpses, are all so admirably imagined, that she becomes interesting to the reader, simply through her mental attitude towards persons with whom the story is little, and that little somewhat hazily, concerned, who nevertheless are yet more interesting than herself."

"It is a part of the truth of the book," says the *Daily Mail*'s critic,

"that the atmosphere of it is as close and confined as that of the 'cage' from which it takes its title. To read it is to have the impression that you are peering with strained intentness at some very small object. Often the sentences are involved. Mr. James has not quite the sharpness of style of his fellow

analyst, Mr. Meredith. But the skill of the whole thing is unmistakable and compelling. It is luminous too. Mr. James's rare method surrounds the commonest things—even hams and cheeses—with a glamour of originality. A certain sort of readers will detest this book. But there is another sort that will admire it enthusiastically and draw culture from it."

The *Spectator* coldly says of the story:

"To render justice to this minute and ignoble episode, Mr. James has employed that portentous engine of style which in his recent books has reached the dimensions of a literary monstrosity. Take, for example, the following appalling sentence:

'Mrs. Jordan was ten years the older, but her young friend was struck with the smaller difference this now made: it had counted otherwise at the time when, much more as a friend of her mother's, the bereaved lady, without a penny of provision, and with stop-gaps, like their own, all gone, had, across the sordid landing on which the opposite doors of the pair of scared miseries opened and to which they were bewilderedly bolted, borrowed coals and umbrellas that were repaid in potatoes and postage-stamps.'

We hope that no examination candidate may ever be condemned to analyse the foregoing paragraph. To read it would be sufficient penance for the most indolent of reviewers."

The Outlook reviews Mr. James's story under the title, "The Novel of Innuendo." The writer says:

"Mr. James . . . has invented a wonderful thing—namely, the novel of innuendo. We do not speak of the novel 'pretending to decency in initials and dashes,' the 'Nymney' novel which 'leads you up to the curtain and agitates it, and bids you retire on tiptoe.' Mr. James's innuendo is of a finer kind. It is statement through the impressions of ignorance, impressions that, in accumulating, articulate the naughty fact which they are derived from. 'What Maisie knew' was the obscuration of her child-life; but it lets in a flood of daylight on the reader. He holds the master-key, for he understands sex; the child doesn't. Yet the intellectual phenomena, with the 'asides' and grimaces that denote sex-relations of a certain kind, may be chronicled by a child, and, despite the exiguous character of an information not incompatible with childish innocence, the youngster's document may be perfectly intelligible to his elders. 'What Maisie knew' is nothing, but what Maisie relates exposes, with all the decorum of a sculptured nudity, the flagrant excesses of the flesh. That book is a triumph then, for its reticence is never in the nature of a concession; it is simply a condition imposed on the artist by the medium he has chosen . . . *In the Cage*—Mr. James's latest story—is not only a remarkable example of the novel of innuendo, but contains much that is evasive and, if we may use the word, troublesome."

"DICKY MONTEITH."

MR. TOM GALLON'S *Tatterley* led critics to mention his name and Dickens's with only a few breaths between. *The Weekly Sun* praises Mr. Gallon's new book, and informs its readers of the author:

"Mr. Tom Gallon, Londoner by birth, is just over thirty; he brings to his task as a novelist a wide acquaintance with life. Successively city clerk, usher, and secretary to a provincial mayor, he had made the acquaintance of many classes of people before a breakdown in health necessitated a long tramp through the country.

Returning to town after this useful vacation, he set to work with his pen, and is rapidly making fame. In this, his new book, he has hit upon a thoroughly unconventional plot, and has followed up the successes of *Tatterley* and *A Prince of Misfortune* with a book that will find many enthusiastic admirers."

The *Graphic* and the *World* critics have risen from the book in different minds:

The *Graphic*.

"We fail to be convinced when we find this Bohemian sot able, by his pen," &c.

The *World*.

"The charity, the unbounded kindness of the man, are so delightfully portrayed that we are sometimes as near to tears as to laughter, and the whimsical story becomes absolutely credible under the persuasive charm of its narration."

The *World* adds: "In *Sally* we have the best presentment of 'servant-galism' since the immortal Marchioness."

THE AUTUMN SEASON.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Autumn publishing season of 1898 begins to move and tremble." We print below a number of announcements of considerable literary interest:

MACMILLAN & CO.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish, in October next, a new volume of stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Robert Chambers, author of *The Red Republic*, *The King in Yellow*, &c., has completed, and will issue through Messrs. Macmillan & Co., a new novel, entitled *Ashes of Empire*. The story deals with the adventures and love affairs of two American journalists in Paris during the Franco-German War of 1870, and some vivid pictures are drawn of the flight of the Empress, the Commune, and the terrible events which happened inside Paris at the time of the siege.

Three posthumous stories from the well-known pen of Mrs. Oliphant will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan in one volume. Two of these give sketches of Scottish town life under different aspects earlier in the present century, while the third—"Dr. Barrère"—turns upon a mysterious murder.

Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*.—A special cheap edition of this work is in course of preparation, and will be published immediately, in one volume, small octavo, by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The new edition will contain in readable type the whole of the text and appendices which are comprised in the two-volume edition, and will likewise include all the maps and illustrations.

The Life and Letters of Edward Thring, the Famous Head Master of Uppingham, by Mr. George R. Parkin, is now on the eve of publication by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The work is practically a history of the new

formation, under Thring, and the complete rebuilding, in every sense of the word, of Uppingham School, apart from comprising a life, diary, and correspondence of a strong personality. It contains also many reminiscences of life at Eton in the "thirties."

Acting upon the success of his *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery*, Mr. E. T. Cook is preparing a similar work upon the Tate Gallery, which will be published in October by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. In an introductory chapter an account will be found of the origin and history of the Gallery, together with some general remarks on the British School of Painting as now illustrated within its walls.

The Life and Letters of Henry Cecil Raikes, 1838-1891, by Henry St. John Raikes, will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The author of this Memoir states that he has selected from a large mass of material "such events only as appear either to have personal value, or to be of public interest. . . . In the latter portion of the work, dealing with Mr. Raikes's career at the Post Office, I have not hesitated, where in the interests of truth it seemed necessary, to lift the official veil which so often tended to obscure actions, and to create false impressions in the mind of the public." The work will form another link in the interesting history of the General Post Office.

An important addition is about to be made to the "Eversley Series" in the shape of an edition of Shakespeare, with introductions and short notes by Prof. C. H. Herford. The work will be in ten volumes, to be published monthly from November. There will be, besides a general introduction, a short introduction to each play.

Mr. Hugh Thomson will make a new departure this Autumn with the first of a series of Old Fairy Tales, illustrated in colour, and published at a shilling. The opening number will be *Jack the Giant Killer*, which will appear early in October. Besides full-page plates, every page of text will be surrounded by a decorative border illustrating the incidents of the tale. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish.

There has hitherto been published no biography of John Manners, the famous Marquis of Granby; he who, in Horace Walpole's own significant phrase, "sat at the top of the World," and in the company of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. This omission has now been remedied by Mr. Walter Evelyn Manners in a forthcoming Memoir of his ancestor. This book, which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish, will contain plans of several of the most interesting battle-fields mentioned, as well as portraits of some of the celebrities with whom it deals.

Mr. J. J. Hissey, whose Road Books have of late years become "classics" in the library, is about to publish with Messrs. Macmillan a new volume treating of a driving tour through the Eastern Counties of England and entitled *Over Fen and Wold*, illustrated, in the manner of the former volumes in this popular series of tours, by the author himself.

DUCKWORTH & CO.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co. announce the following works for the Autumn season: *Spinoza's Life and Philosophy*, by Sir F. Pollock; *New Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Private and Public*, edited by Stephen Wheeler; *The Life of Captain Sir R. F. Burton*, by his wife, Isabel Lady Burton, second and cheaper edition edited by W. H. Wilkins; *Tom-Tit-Tot: an Essay on Savage Philosophy in Folk-Tale*, by Edward Clodd; *Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature: a Study of the Literary Relations between France and England in the Eighteenth Century*, by Dr. J. Texte, authorised translation by J. W. Matthews; *Essays on Dante*, by Dr. Karl Witte, selected, translated, and edited, with Introductions, Notes and Appendices, by C. M. Lawrence, B.A., and P. H. Wicksteed, M.A.; *The Thoughts of Jouvert*, selected and translated by the Hon. Mrs. Neville Lyttelton, with an introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *Some Verses*, by Helen Hay; *Introduction to the Study of History*, by Ch. V. Langlois, and Ch. Seignobos, authorised translation by G. G. Berry, with a preface by Prof. York-Powell; *The History of Gambling in England*, by J. Ashton; *A Glossary of Botanic Terms*, by B. Daydon Jackson (Secretary Linnaean Society); *A Text-book of Agricultural Botany, Theoretical and Practical*, by Prof. John Percival, M.A., F.L.S.; *State Trials, Political and Social*, selected and edited by H. L. Stephen. "English Public School" Series: *A History of Eton College*, by Lionel Cust; *A History of Winchester College*, by A. F. Leach; *A History of Rugby School*, by W. H. D. Rouse; *Historic Nuns*, by Madame Belloc. "The Saints" Series: *St. Vincent de Paul*, by Prince Emmanuel de Broglie; *St. Clotilda*, by Prof. G. Kurth. *The Tatler*, edited, with Introductions and Notes, by G. A. Aitken, 4 vols.; *Feudal and Modern Japan*, by Arthur May Knapp, 2 vols., with twenty-four photogravures. "Modern Plays" Series: *The Dawn (Les Aubes)*, by Emile Verhaeren, translated by Arthur Symons; Ostrovsky's *The Storm*, translated by Constance Garnett; Maurice Maeterlinck's *Intérieur*, translated by William Archer, and *La Mort de Tintagiles* and *Alladine et Palomides*, translated by Alfred Sutro. *Working Women in Factories, Workshops, and Laundries, and How to Help Them*, by Mrs. H. J. Tennant and Miss Mona Wilson. New Novels: *The World and Onora*, by Lilian Street; *The Altar of Life*, by May Bateman; *From Seven Dials*, by Edith Ostlere; *Captain Fracasse*, by Théophile Gautier, translated by E. M. Beam. *Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Beasts*, by Sybil and Katharin Corbet, authors of *Animal Land*; Browning's *Pippa Passes*, with seven photogravures by L. Leslie Brooke; *Fables by Fal*, in prose and verse, with pictures by Sir Philip Burne-Jones; *The Everlasting Animals, and Other Stories*, by Edith Jennings, with coloured drawings by Stuart Bevan.

METHUEN & CO.

On September 9 will be published, as we have already briefly announced, a new volume of *Miss Jane Barlow*, author of

Irish Idylls. It is entitled *From the East unto the West*, and contains fifteen stories, the scenes of which are laid in various places, ranging from Arabia to Connemara.

Mr. C. F. Keary's new novel, *The Journalist*, is largely concerned with a picture of contemporary English literary society, and with the introduction therein of a foreign element in the person of a man imbued with the doctrines of Nietzsche. The love motive is of a rather unusual character, and the history of the hero on the intellectual side may be described as his evolution from "journalist" to "symbolist."

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons will shortly publish, among other books, the following:

Socialism and the Social Movement in the Nineteenth Century. By Werner Sombart, University of Breslau, Germany; translated by Anson P. Atterbury, Pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church, New York, with Introduction by John B. Clark, Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University.

Methods and Principles of Literary Criticism. By Lorenzo Sears, Professor in Brown University, author of *The Occasional Address*, &c. Prof. Sears's new volume, while originally planned for the use of college students, and particularly for those intending to become journalists, forms a handbook for the general reader interested in literary matters. The work is divided equally into five parts: 1. "The General Features of Criticism": its literature, motives, standards, and diversity. 2. "The Common Forms": impressionism, censoriousness, laudatory, and appreciative criticism. 3. "The Critic": qualifications, rights, responsibilities, ambitions. 4. "Higher Literary Criticism": interpretative, comparative, creative, and historical. 5. "Values of Criticism": to itself and to literature, its ethics and outlook.

The Chase of an Heiress. By Christian Reid, author of *The Man of the Family*, &c. This is a romantic story, strong in incident.

WARD, LOCK & CO.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.'s preliminary Autumn List contains the following announcements:

A new (twenty-second) edition of *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*.

Prophets of the Century. Edited by Arthur Rickett. This is a collection in one volume of critical appreciations by distinguished writers, of the life and works of the poets, novelists, and philosophers who have had a distinct message for the century now drawing to a close.

The Imperial Heritage. By Ernest E. Williams. This is a survey, by the author of *Made in Germany*, of the industrial and commercial colonial resources of Greater Britain, with comment and statistical detail.

Fishing and Fishers. By J. Paul Taylor, First Hon. Sec. Fly Fishers' Club. A series of angling sketches.

In fiction, Messrs. Ward & Lock will shortly publish numerous novels. Among them the following:

Across the World for a Wife. By Guy Boothby.

A Master of Mysteries. By Mrs. L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

The Voyage of the Pulaway. By Carlton Dawe.

Mysterious Mr. Sabin. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Courtship and Chemicals. By Emily Cox.

The Book of the Bush. By George Dunderdale.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.

The Autumn list of this publishing house is strong in books of travel, which include the following:

The Land of the Pigmies. By Captain Guy Burrows. Dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty the King of the Belgians. With introduction by H. M. Stanley, M.P.

Spinifex and Sand: a Narrative of Five Years' Pioneering and Exploration in Western Australia. By the Hon. David W. Carnegie. With many illustrations by Ernest Smythe from photographs.

With Peary Near the Pole. By Eivind Astrup. Illustrated with sketches and photographs by the author.

In Joyful Russia. By John A. Logan, Jun. With four full-page coloured plates, and numerous illustrations from photographs.

OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In the course of this month Mr. Herbert Spencer will issue the first volume of the revised and greatly enlarged edition of his *Principles of Biology*. It is through the press, and publication will take place as soon as the American edition is ready for issue simultaneously. Messrs. Williams & Norgate will, of course, publish.

MR. MACKENZIE BELL's forthcoming volume of poems, to be published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, will open with half a dozen pieces descriptive of foreign beauty-spots—"After Sunset off Pauillac," "Evening in the Forest of Meudon," "Near St. Sauveur," and the like. Among other poems of this genre are "A Summer Evening in the Woods," "A Sunrise in Early Summer," &c. The remainder of the book will be largely reflective, and now and then elegiac.

The Autobiography and Letters of Dean Merivale, in one demy 8vo volume, with portrait, have been printed for private circulation by the University Press, Oxford.

MESSRS. DOWNEY & CO. will commence in September the issue of a library edition, in ten volumes, of the novels of the Sisters Brontë. The volumes will be edited by Mr. Temple Scott. The first two volumes of the series will be *Jane Eyre*, which will contain an autogravure reproduction of Mr. J. H. Thompson's portrait of Charlotte Brontë.

A NEW book, entitled *Under the Rowan Tree*, by Mr. Alan St. Aubyn, will be published immediately by Messrs. Digby, Long & Co.

MR. J. H. SLATER, the editor of *Book Prices Current*, has in the press a volume on *The Romance of Book Collecting*, which is to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock almost immediately.

A RELIGIOUS work will be published this autumn by Messrs. Sands & Co. It is written by the Rev. W. M. Clow, the popular preacher in the Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh, and is entitled *In the Day of the Cross*. It consists "of a course of lectures on the men and women and some of the notable things of the last day in the life of Jesus."

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO. announce for immediate publication a translation by Miss Virginia Taylor, from the French of M. Leudek, a biography of the present German Emperor. The book contains a good deal of hitherto unpublished information concerning the great autocrat from his youth to the present day. There are fifty-seven illustrations.

MR. W. T. STEAD will edit a new series, to be entitled the "Russian Library," which Mr. Grant Richards is to inaugurate early in September by the issue of M. Pobedonostsev's *Reflections of a Russian Statesman*. The book is a scathing and comprehensive arraignment of Western civilisation by the most famous of Russian Ministers of State. The Procurator of the Holy Synod, the tutor of one Tsar and the potent counsellor of the present Russian Emperor, in this book expresses his deep convictions as to the delusion of democracy, the futility of journalism, the sham of representative government, and the fallacy of the formula—a Free Church in a Free State. Mme. Novikoff has written an introduction to the English translation, which has been made by Mr. R. C. Long.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, September 1.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS OF CHARLES MERIVALE, DEAN OF ELY. Edited by Judith Anne Merivale. Printed for Private Circulation.

BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Second Edition. Swan Sonnen-schein. 1s.

STONEWALL JACKSON, AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By Lieut.-Col. J. F. R. Henderson. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. £2 2s.

LIFE IN A MODERN MONASTERY. By Joseph McCabe, formerly Very Rev. Father Antony, O.S.F. Grant Richards.

A STUDY OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN. By Emma Rauschenbusch-Clough, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF RELIGION WITHIN THE REALM OF SCOTLAND. Written by John Knox. Edited, for Popular Use, by C. J. Guthrie, Q.C. A. & C. Black. 7s. 6d.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE POETRY OF WILFRID BLUNT. Selected and Arranged by W. E. Henley and George Wyndham. Wm. Heinemann.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. (Second Edition.) By Edward Heron-Allen. H. S. Nichols, Ltd.

THE LAST POEMS OF SUSAN K. PHILLIPS. Grant Richards.

FOREIGN CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS (New Edition): *MOLIÈRE.* By Mrs. Oliphant and F. Turner. *GOETHE.* By A. Hayward. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

SHORT HISTORIES OF THE LITERATURES OF THE WORLD: SPANISH LITERATURE. By James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

CAMPING AND TRAMPING IN MALAYA: FIFTEEN YEARS' PIONEERING IN THE NATIVE STATES OF THE MALAY PENINSULA. By Ambrose B. Rathborne. Swan Sonnen-schein & Co. 10s. 6d.

IMPERIAL AFRICA: THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND FUTURE OF THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA. By Major A. F. Mockler-Ferryman, F.R.G.S. Vol. I.: *BRITISH WEST AFRICA.* The Imperial Press, Ltd.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY: A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A PILGRIMAGE TO AL-MADINAH AND MECCAH. By Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. 2 vols. George Bell & Sons.

THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS. By C. H. Hodder Bros. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE YOUNG ESTATE MANAGER'S GUIDE. By Richard Henderson. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

STUDIES ON THE RED BOOK OF THE EXCHEQUER. By J. H. Round, M.A. (Published by the Author.)

BENEDICTINE: SKETCHES OF MARRIED LIFE. By E. H. Lacon Watson. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

WAGES BOOK: COMPRISING TABLES FOR CALCULATING WAGES FROM 4s. TO £60. Ward, Lock & Co. 1d.

A RECORD OF ART IN 1898. Offices of *The Studio.*

CLEAR SPEAKING AND GOOD READING. By Arthur Burrell, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.

WIGAN: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH, WITH A NOTE ON ITS FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY. By Henry Tennyson Folkard.

EDUCATIONAL.

GEOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS. By W. W. Watts. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION: A TEACHER'S MANUAL. By David Lennox, M.D., and Alexander Sturrock. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

LIMEN LATINUM. Part I. By Edward Vernon Aruold, Litt.D. 1s. 4d.

PITMAN'S COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY. Part I. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. 2d.

GREAT EDUCATORS: ROUSSEAU AND EDUCATION ACCORDING TO NATURE. By Thomas Davidson. Wm. Heinemann. 5s.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

SERMONS TO YOUNG BOYS DELIVERED AT ELSTREE SCHOOL. By the Rev. F. de W. Lushington, M.A. John Murray.

ARUNDEL HYMNS. Part I. Chosen and Edited by Henry Duke of Norfolk and Charles T. Galty. Boosey & Co. 1s.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

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CALEB WEST: Master Diver. By F. Hopkinson Smith, Author of "Tom Grogan," &c. 6s. (Over 24,000 Copies already sold in America.)

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